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BY THE SEA.

BY T. S.

In the still hot noon not a Zephyr's stir
Made the grass on the cliff's edge nod,
Or waved the spires of the harebells blue,
That sprang from the velvet sod.
The tide stole on o'er the shore beneath,
By barely a ripple curled,
It seemed as Nature were holding her breath,
And we two were the two in the world—
As if we two were the two in the world,
And for us—and for us alone—
Were the deep clear sky, and the golden sun,
And the ocean's monotone:
For ever below at the foot of the cliff,
In that still hot noon heard we
The plash of the wave—the dash of the wave—
The mystical melody—
The rush of the wave—the hush of the wave—
The ceaseless sound of the sea!

Ah! pleasant it was, in a noonday dream,
O'er the all-smooth deep to gaze,
Where the tremulous air in the broad bright glare
Wrapt all in a silver haze,
We thought of our distance, dawning dim
Through the future's purple mist:
And knew we could hear each other's hearts,
If we only chose to list!
We had loved and waited—could wait and love
With a love that knew no change,
Till the moment when Fate should join our hands:—
It was sweet—so sweet and strange!
And ever below at the foot of the cliff
In that still hot noon heard we
The plash of the wave—the dash of the wave—
The mystical melody—
The rush of the wave—the hush of the wave—
The ceaseless sound of the sea!

For sea-birds, that flew to their nests on shore,
Yet circled, on pinions slow:—
And the homebound boats, with gleaming sails,
Tacked gliding too and fro.
And we, whose course on that golden noon
To a haven of bliss was bent,
Yet hovered around the happy port,
And delayed with one consent!
I had my book, and you your work—
We sat on the white cliff's top,
And watched the blue shadows fly over the deep
And the sun to the westward drop:—
While ever below at the foot of the cliff,
In that still hot noon heard we
The plash of the wave—the dash of the wave—
The mystical melody—
The rush of the wave—the hush of the wave—
The ceaseless sound of the sea!

But away to the left, and away to the right,
And before us—mile on mile—
From the water's rim to the distance dim,
Did the vast deep calmly smile.
It spread o'er the drowsy dreaming Earth,
A mantle of mystic tinge,
That heaved with the heave of her sleeping breast,
And twinkled a pearly fringe.
A stillness brooded o'er land and sea—
Scarce a whisper Ocean made:—
A calm so like the secret of death
That we almost grew afraid,
As ever below at the foot of the cliff,
In the still hot noon heard we
The plash of the wave—the dash of the wave—
The mystical melody—
The rush of the wave—the hush of the wave—
The ceaseless sound of the sea!

And—passion swaying o'er heart and brain,
As the moon o'er the mighty tide—
We felt as the world had passed away,
And none were alive beside!
I closed the book, and you ceased the work,
And we gazed across the sea—
But all the while I was thinking of you,
And you were thinking of me!
And at length we turned, and my look met yours,—
"Do you love me?"—"Yes!" And then
Our hearts were mingled for life and death.
Ay!—never to part again,
So long as below at the foot of the cliff,
By day and by night shall be
The plash of the wave—the dash of the wave—
The mystical melody—
The rush of the wave—the hush of the wave—
The ceaseless sound of the sea!

I had my book, and you your work—
We sat on the white cliff's top.

And watched the blue shadows fly over the deep
And the sun to the westward drop.

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By Clio Stanley,

AUTHOR OF "FAITHFUL MARGARET," "SHADOWS OF A GHOST," "AND THEN?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SITTING IN THE SUNSHINE.

"Who is your beautiful visitor?"

It was Darley Gifford who asked the question, and Phyllis Hawthorne who replied. Pretty Phyllis, who, sitting there in her low chair on the lawn, amid budding flowers and singing birds, looked up into her lover's face and smiled as if she thought life was a fair, sweet holiday, and her lot a very sunny one!

"Felicie Montcontour," she repeated, slowly; "an orphan and an exile. Papa is her guardian, I believe, and she is going to stay here this summer."

"She is certainly pretty, and yet—there is something in her face that I do not quite like."

"I am glad of it," said Phyllis, looking up; "for I cannot like her, though I ought to be sorry for her, when she has so few friends and I have so many. Do you think, Darley, that I ought to love her?"

"You ought only to love me, my Phyllis," he said, half laughing, and stooping to touch the soft crimson cheek. "But how is it we have never heard of this young lady before?"

"I do not know," said Phyllis; "but I believe papa has known the family some time; in fact, he did some great favor for Monsieur Montcontour, a good many years ago, and so on the ground, I suppose, that one good turn deserves another, when he died he left Felicie to papa's guardianship and—charity."

"Then she is not an heiress?"

"No. She is absolutely penniless!" Phyllis replied, with a little show of indignation. "Papa had to stay in New York to furnish her wardrobe. Mamma doesn't know it, and would be angry enough if she ever found it out; but I saw the bills where papa left them a few minutes on the library table."

Darley Gifford looked puzzled for a moment, but said, "I suppose the arrangement was according to French ideas and customs."

"But I hate these foreign customs!" Phyllis Hawthorne said, snapping the clasp to her handsome gold bracelet.

There was an ugly little frown on her face as she made the remark, which did not add to her beauty, but Darley Gifford was in love, and Phyllis cross or Phyllis pleasant, both were nearly perfect in his eyes, so long as she was never other than sunny-tempered to him.

"Do not let us think of her any more then, darling," he said, softly, looking down into the child-like face so near his own.

No other woman had ever had the power to stir his heart as did pretty, petulant Phyllis Hawthorne at that moment.

"I can't help thinking about her, Darley, and I wasn't in earnest either time I asked you if I should love her. The cloud of evil seems to cling to her, and I have felt tempted even to hate her since papa brought her home."

"Why, I wonder?" said her lover, caressing the brown waves of hair with tremulous fingers. "Have you ever heard anything ill of her?"

"No. I have never heard anything more than I have told you. But you know, Darley, I never *could* control my fancies—my likes or dislikes. I try to treat her politely—even kindly—for papa's sake, but that is all I can do."

"And that is enough, surely?"

She opened her eyes a little wider, looking at him in doubtful surprise.

"You don't mean it when you say it, Darley. But then you don't know what is really in my heart."

"What a startling assertion, my little Phyllis. I thought you promised six months ago to have no secrets you did not share with me?"

Phyllis Hawthorne had grown suddenly pale.

"I will keep my word," she said, softly; "but I warn you, Darley, that you will be shocked."

"Don't try to frighten me beforehand," he said, gaily. "And don't keep me in suspense."

"Well," said Phyllis, drawing a long breath of relief at the idea of sharing her terror with her brave young lover, "it was last night that I sat by the window watching for you, and Felicie was asleep on the sofa, when papa came by the door and looked in. I don't think he saw her, but she woke at the first sound of his footstep, and watched him while he stood there, as a cat might watch a mouse, or a spider an unfortunate fly which has blundered into its web. There was an awful look in her eyes, Darley. At first she shivered and looked half afraid, and then there came a glitter of such cruel triumph in her dark, bright eyes, that it made me shudder. She got up and went after papa, and I sat still like a coward; but, oh, Darley, if she had slept again, I could have found it in my heart to *smother* her there in her silken pillow!"

With the last word, Phyllis had hidden her eyes in her hands.

Darley Gifford was silent a moment, and before he spoke he took the two little trembling hands in his own, and threw one arm around her.

"Phyllis, my own darling, do not look like that. If any evil comes, we will share it together; and, after all, it was probably only a fit of nervousness, and nothing to be alarmed at."

"But the hatred is very real, Darley. I haven't been able to put it out of my heart all day. I didn't mean to tell you, for she is, as I said, an orphan and an exile, and I ought not to try to prejudice you against her."

"I imagine I shall have very little to do with Miss Montcontour, one way or another, so there is no harm done, pet."

"I am glad if you think so," she said, all her petulance gone, and a sad, sweet earnestness in its place. "I suppose I ought to ask her to come and sit with us, Darley; but the day is so fair, and the sunshine so sweet, that I hate to have it spoiled."

"So do I, darling. Let us be selfish for once—though perhaps Miss Montcontour is enjoying herself even more alone than if she were with us."

"Oh, Darley! *do* you believe we shall ever grow tired and out of sorts in each other's society?"

Darley Gifford gazed at his promised wife with unfeigned curiosity.

"Who has been putting such dismal ideas into your mind, my little blossom? I am sure they never came there of their own accord."

"It was Felicie. She is so sceptical, Darley. She even says there is no such thing as disinterested love, but that every one who makes such professions has an end to gain."

"And does she make no professions herself?"

"Not exactly. She says papa is good and kind, and that she is grateful to him for giving her a home, and she says she shall learn sometime to like me as well as she can like any one, but that is all."

"I don't believe in such phases of feeling; and I very much mistrust that very innocent-looking young woman under the elm tree."

As if warned by some spirit of the air that her good and bad qualities were being discussed, Miss Montcontour turned her dark eyes toward the two who were sitting there in the sunshine.

She had been exulting, silently, in the near prospect of wealth and grandeur, and thinking to herself what she would do when the power was once hers, and there was a redder glow on her cheeks and a brighter sparkle in her eye; but the glow faded and the sparkle lost itself in the gloom as she caught Phyllis' glance.

"Ah!" she said, with a steady look at Phyllis' troubled face, "if she were not such a child, I could hate her, too! I must be careful not to awaken her suspicions, or my plans may not be so easily carried out. There is her lover, too—this splendid looking fellow who is so desperately in love that he has eyes for no one else. It would be something pleasant to make him look at me, if it were not for getting myself into trouble. I shall have enough on my hands to get rid of Gustave. I had better not put my fingers in the fire again."

And she rose slowly from her seat under the tree and went away towards the house.

And still Phyllis and her lover sat there in the sunshine of that delicious afternoon—sunshine that already was slowly fading from the grass at their feet, from the red roses and the pale yellow lilies, from the tops of the trees and the misty sides of the hills. Fading, ever fading! Was it a prophecy?

But whatever was the secret fear that had overshadowed Phyllis Hawthorne's face, even its recollection was put by for a time, and she gave herself up with the joyous abandon of a child to the pleasure of the moment.

Whatever pain she had felt an hour before, she assured herself she should never feel again in her lover's presence.

Those few sunny hours, soon to be clouded, were so sweet and so peaceful that even in the midst of the cruel sorrows of after days, their memory would be like the breath of sweet flowers haunting the air after the flowers are crushed and faded.

They had been a long time silent, content to feel the joy of each other's presence, when there was the sound of a step on the graveled walk, and turning her head suddenly, Phyllis saw Felicie looking at her with an unfriendly smile that was meant to cover, Phyllis well knew, bitter thoughts.

For one moment she did not stir; then as Felicie came nearer, her hand still on her lover's shoulder, she stood up and waited to hear what she had to say.

To know her errand we must go back a little.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SEAT.

Phyllis had told no more than the truth when she asserted that Felicie Montcontour patronized Mrs. Hawthorne.

Up to this day, in fact, she had found nothing better to do, and though she did it with a charming little air of indifference that seemed to disclaim all effort at effect, Phyllis did not trust her. Mrs. Hawthorne was too much astonished as yet to protest. She only stared in angry dismay whenever Felicie began one of her interminable talks.

There was a little start, an angry lighting of her eyes, when her husband's ward pushed aside the curtains with a very beautiful hand, stepped in through the low window, and with a sigh threw herself down on a couch just opposite Mrs. Hawthorne.

"I am so tired of doing nothing!" she exclaimed, with a little frown. "Cannot you find me something to do, dear Mrs. Hawthorne?"

"Perhaps I may, after a while," Mrs. Hawthorne replied, nervously. "Did you forget that this is my room, Miss Montcontour?"

"Oh, no!" she returned, laughingly. "It is you that I wanted to see. Phyllis has one of her lovers to-night, and I knew better than to intrude there!"

"Phyllis has but one lover, Miss Montcontour. You forget that we are not living in France!"

"Only one lover! But what is to become of her then if her one lover proves faithless?"

"I think Phyllis does not fear any such accident. They will be married next Christmas."

"Oh!" said Felicie, with a wise little nod of her head. And springing to her feet, she began to re-arrange her hair before the glass. "Do you know," she continued, carelessly, "I would not like to feel too sure of my lover even after I had married him? No, no! There are too many beautiful faces in the world!"

There was a little pause then. Felicie, with a merry little song on her lips, and a shrug of her shoulders, was anxiously listening for something, and Mrs. Hawthorne looked as if she would have liked to order her out of the room.

"It is my opinion," Mrs. Hawthorne said slowly, "that yours is a poor doctrine for a woman to hold. If we show that we have no confidence in a man, he is a hundred times more apt to be false."

"Article number one," Felicie said softly to herself. "I will take care to remember that." Aloud she said: "Thank you! I am glad to have the benefit of your opinion. Does Phyllis believe just as you do?"

"Really, I don't know," said Mrs. Hawthorne, languidly. "I believe I am too tired to talk longer, Miss Montcontour. Will you be kind enough to drop the curtain as you go out?"

"I'm going through the door, this time," Felicie said, with a little yawn; "but I'll tell Polly that you require her services."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mrs. Hawthorne, sharply. "I will ring if I want her."

"Very well," Felicie, from the threshhold, answered. And the next moment she heard her adoring her France to a brilliant piano accompaniment.

Gayer, sweeter yet the notes rang out, until suddenly the white hands fell among the keys with a discordant crash, and Felicie sprang to her feet with a little cry of dismay.

Mr. Hawthorne had come quietly into the room, and standing close behind her had put his hands upon her shoulders.

"How you frightened me," she said, looking around at the dark, handsome face so near her own. "I did not hear you come in, and I took you for a ghost."

"A ghost in the daylight, Felicie? Take care what you say."

"And take care what *you do!*" she replied, laughing. "I am not easily frightened, but I warn you not to steal upon me like a thief again."

"It can't be like a thief, Felicie, when I only come to take my own."

And he bent a little nearer the laughing face.

"Take care, sir! The doors are open, and though Phyllis isn't on guard, as you English say, Mrs. Hawthorne is!"

A dark look crossed his face for a moment, and he turned half round. The doors were open, certainly, but there was no sign of any listener.

"Pshaw, Felicie, you shall not cheat me any longer! Here we have been at home ten days, and you have kept me all that time starving for one kind word. You shall meet me to-night in the arbor at the foot of the garden, and give me ten kisses for each long day I have been without, or I will take them now and here."

"You would not dare to do it!" she said, sitting down again at the piano.

"Do not try me too far, Felicie. You do not know yet the half I would dare for you."

"Well, then, go away now, and don't venture to look at me at the tea table, and I—perhaps——"

"No! Promise me truly."

"I will come then; but I think it is a foolish thing to do," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

"You would not think it foolish, Felicie," he whispered softly in her ear, "if you loved me as you once pretended to do."

"Hush!" she said, glancing backward toward the door. "You promised not to say a word of that until you were free!"

"And I will keep my word, if you are not too cruel," he replied. "But mind, Felicie, promises will not satisfy me!"

"They need not," she said, with one swift, passionate glance from her dark eyes. "*Gustave will be here next week!*"

"Next week," he repeated, catching her hand in his own; but, as he said it, a nervous shudder ran through him from head to foot.

What more he would have said was left unsaid, for at the same moment they both heard the rustle of a dress in the hall.

"You have hindered me long enough," Felicie said, gaily, running up and down a swift scale of bird-like notes. "I am sure Mrs. Hawthorne does not care to sleep. I left her wide awake a few minutes ago."

"I am sure I don't know what you call a few minutes, Miss Montcontour," said Mrs. Hawthorne, sharply, coming into the room. "It is an hour since you left me, and you have been talking so long that I actually grew nervous."

"And Mr. Hawthorne has kept me from playing because he was sure you were asleep. But, perhaps you had an uncomfortable seat—that always makes me nervous quicker than anything else. Let me give you an easy one now," she continued, wheeling an arm chair three inches nearer the piano.

"No. I only want Phyllis to bring me the new magazines. They came two days ago, and I have not seen them yet; but then no one in the house ever thinks of what *I* want."

"Oh, for shame, Mrs. Hawthorne, to say such a thing, when there stands your husband ready to lay down his life to secure your peace, and everybody knows that Phyllis doesn't draw a comfortable breath unless she has you to wait on! As for me—but you give *me* no chance to show my devotion."

Mrs. Hawthorne's pale face had flushed to a deep crimson as she listened to Felicie's flippant speech; but, as usual, she found no words with which to answer her.

"I'll prove my good-will, though, by going for the books you want," she continued, carelessly. "Of course, Phyllis will overlook the intrusion when she knows for what I come."

And she glided out of the room before either of them could hinder her, if they had wished to do so.

"Is that girl going to stay here forever, Mr. Hawthorne? If she is, she must learn to address me differently."

"Why, what has she done that is wrong? I am sure it was very obliging in her to go for your magazines."

"*Very!* Look out of the window now, and you will see her send Phyllis for the magazines, which I verily believe are at this moment in her own room, while *she* stays to entertain Darley. I only hope *he* will see through her!"

It was true, and Mr. Hawthorne was made in his turn uncomfortable by the sight. Phyllis had disappeared, and Felicie had taken her seat, and was smiling in Darley Gifford's face.

The sunshine fell, a golden embroidery, over her pale blue cashmere robe, and her dark hair was wound about her head in heavy braids, caught together by golden arrows, which sparkled in the light. There was a red glow on her dark cheeks, and an expression of unwonted pleasure in her eyes.

"Confound the girl! What does she mean by looking at *him* like that!"

Mr. Hawthorne had forgotten that his wife was standing at his elbow.

"You always repent when it is too late," she said, with a bitter accent on the last words. "You have brought her here, and offered her a home, and the next thing you know she will be stealing away

your daughter's lover. I am glad *I* never had anything to do with it. I never *could* trust a French woman!"

"You are unjust, my dear. Felicie thinks of no such thing, I am sure. She already loves Phyllis like a—like a sister," he concluded, abruptly.

Then, as he saw her coming across the lawn with the magazines in her hand, he went hastily out of the room to avoid meeting her.

"Here are the magazines, dear Mrs. Hawthorne. I shouldn't have been gone so long, but Phyllis could not find them at first, and then I remembered that I had carried them up to my room last night, and she had to go again."

Mrs. Hawthorne took them, vouchsafing no words of thanks, and went away to her own room.

"Well!" exclaimed Felicie, disdainfully, "there is gratitude and politeness for you! But I will take my pay to-night, my lady, from other lips than yours!"

CHAPTER III.

IN THE GARDEN.

Mr. Hawthorne's words had been more a command than a request, and much as Felicie might have wished to rebel, she dared not do it just then.

Although Miss Moncontour was but eighteen, she had all the self-confidence of a woman of thirty, so that it was not through fear that she had hesitated. Her reason, a secret locked in her own heart, was a more potent one.

It was eleven o'clock when, in obedience to her guardian's command, she prepared herself for a walk through the garden. She still wore her delicate evening dress, of pale pink lawn, and a stem of tuberoses in her hair, half-crushed, but strangely delicious in its after-sunset sweetness.

Her rooms were in the west wing of the house, and she had to pass through two long halls, and directly by the door of Phyllis' sleeping-room, before she could reach the staircase leading to the kitchen. It was for this reason, and because there was always a dim light left burning in the halls at night, that she had thrown about her a large waterproof, under whose gray shadow she felt quite secure.

She had turned down the light in her own room to a mere spectre of a flame, and was moving softly across the room in her light-sounding slippers, when she heard a step outside her door, and then a quick knock on the panels.

"Who is there?" she asked, startled for a moment out of her studied composure.

"It is only me—Phyllis," was the reply, in a lower tone. "I want to borrow your night-lamp, if you are not using it. Mine is down stairs, and I shouldn't sleep a wink to-night without a light."

Felicie opened the door and held out the lamp.

"I knew you never left yours burning," Phyllis said; "but—why you are not undressed yet! Are you not well?"

"I had a headache, and have been sitting on the verandah. It is too warm to sleep yet; but you are welcome to the lamp. I don't need it; this moonlight is bright enough for me."

Phyllis thanked her and went away, and Felicie, as soon as she was out of hearing, double-locked her door.

"That was a bright thought of mine, the verandah," she whispered to herself. "I can creep along to the other end, and swing myself down by that ladder of vines. I swung on it yesterday without breaking a stem, and it is a thousand times more romantic than walking down stairs."

Gathering up her waterproof from the floor, where she had thrown it, she buttoned it closely about her, and stepped out into the verandah.

A few moments before, the moon had been shining, but already it was hiding its silver glories behind a mass of dark clouds, and quick gleams of lightning were flashing along their broken edges.

"It is all the better for me. No one will be looking out now," she said, in a hurried whisper.

It was easy to slip by the windows that were on that side of the house. Even if any one was in the rooms, the blinds were down, the curtains drawn, and she herself only a gray shadow among the shadows.

It was only when she came to the end of the verandah, and attempted to swing herself down by the slender vines that were swaying to and fro in the rising wind, that she faltered.

A crowd of busy imaginations floated through her brain as she hung with both hands to the strong though slender ladder.

For one moment the night faded away, and in the broad light of day she looked down to see the crowd of eager faces which she had almost persuaded herself were watching her with angry eyes.

Then it was gray night again, and not a sound stirred the silence, but up through the vines peered a dark, cruel face, a face that she had fancied once, even in its cruelty, but which she hated now with all the strength of a desperate nature.

She became confused; dream and reality were so inextricably blended, that in her bewilderment she threw up her hands, crying out in terror:

"Gustave!"

There was an instant's horror, when she felt that the next moment she might be dashed to the ground; then strong arms caught her and folded her close.

"What was it, my darling?" a voice whispered in her ear. "Did you see any one?"

"No," she said, faintly. "Put me down; I'm not hurt."

"But why did you let go of the vines, darling? I shudder when I think what might have happened if I had not been there to save you."

He was walking rapidly toward the garden with Felicie in his arms, scarcely feeling her weight in the excitement of the moment.

"I was frightened at my own thoughts," she replied, shivering, and struggling in his arms.

He put her down at once. A moment more and they were at the entrance of the rose-arbor, and drawing her close to him, he sat down with her on the stone seat.

"Felicie!" he said, suddenly.

"What is it?" she asked, trying to speak calmly, for she had not yet recovered from her fright.

"I want to ask you something, Felicie, and I want you to answer me truly."

"I'll try," she said, laughing lightly.

"Is Gustave Feder your own cousin, Felicie?"

"What a foolish question," she said, quickly. "Surely I told you so long ago."

"I know you did; but I wanted to hear you say it again. I believe I have been jealous even of him, poor fellow!"

She did not speak, but the hand which he held in his quivered like a leaf in the storm.

He could not see how white her face had grown, but he felt that she trembled.

"You do not trust me," she said, sharply. "I thought you said, if I came to your own country—to your own home—that there should never be a cloud between us!"

"Only tell me one thing more, darling, and there shall *not* be," he answered, holding her away from him and trying to read her thoughts in her face.

"Well, what is the one thing, Mr. Hawthorne?"

"This," he said, eagerly; "that you have no secret in your past that is hid from me—in that past when I did not know, and not even seen you, Felicie?"

"There is nothing in all my life that I could wish to conceal from *you*," she said, softly, leaning toward him with smiling lips. "Do you not love me enough to believe it, Guy?"

"Yes—yes. I believe you. Surround the past with what mystery you will, still I believe you."

At last Felicie drew a freer breath.

"Let me go. You are spoiling my flowers."

"Forgive me, my darling," he said. "If you only knew how hard it is for me to wait until I can call you mine!"

Ah! the color faded from both their faces as they thought for *what* it was they were to wait!

Guy Hawthorne shuddered as he thought of the white face he had left on its pillow an hour before; and Felicie grew suddenly cold.

"There is time yet," she whispered. "You shall not make yourself wretched for me. Shall I write and tell Gustave he need not come? I can go back to my school," she added, with a sound in her voice that seemed like a sob.

"No, my Felicie; it is too late now. Our lives are bound together for good or ill!"

"And when he comes——"

And she drew nearer him of her own accord, and spoke in a tone so full of passion, that even had he been less entangled in sin than he was at that moment, he would no longer have hesitated.

"We will leave it all to him, Felicie. Let him understand that; and when he has earned the ten thousand dollars I have promised him, we will go away, you and I, Felicie, and forget everything that could make us unhappy."

The wind, which had been every moment rising, now shrieked like a mad thing in their ears, and bent the rose bushes until their red blossoms trailed on the damp ground.

"What a wild night it is going to be!" said Felicie, drawing her cloak about her. "I must go in before the storm is upon us."

A flash of lightning that almost blinded them, was followed instantly by a peal of thunder, that seemed to shake the solid ground under their feet.

He would not delay her, for he knew that in five minutes more there would be a rush of rain, which would perhaps hinder her escape.

One wish only filled Felicie Montcontour's heart—to escape into the darkness and silence of her own room.

With swift steps she reached the verandah, and with one hand she clutched the ladder of vines, while with the other she held her cloak that blew in the wet wind, nearly blinding her in her perilous ascent.

The vines played to and fro, the lightning played about her; but still she climbed up, until her feet touched once more the floor of the verandah.

"There wasn't much romance in *that*," she muttered to herself; "but it's over at last, and I am safe so far."

And, running swiftly past one window after another, now crouching at some fancied whisper, and then hurrying breathless on again, she reached at length her own room, and darting in, shut and fastened the window, just as the storm was breaking into fury.

"Safe! safe!" she exclaimed. "If I only had a light to see my own face!"

"Perhaps I can accommodate you," said a low voice just behind her. "I have no objections to looking at my Felicie's pretty face when the gods are willing!"

And, turning on the light from the lantern which he carried, the intruder placed a slender white hand over her mouth, before she had time to utter the cry of terror that rose to her lips.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK TOO SOON.

"Gustave!" she said, in a shrill whisper, when he at length removed his hand. "Why are you here? Are you mad that you run such risks?"

"I haven't risked my neck, at any rate, as you risked yours, an hour ago," he said, with a low laugh. "Gad! I thought it was all over with you for a minute!"

"Then it was *really* your face that I saw among the trees?" she asked, trembling with suppressed excitement. "I thought it was only a trick of my imagination."

"Does your fancy play you such little tricks often? I should think it must not be too pleasant!"

"Nothing is too pleasant, I believe. For every bright hour there comes a dark one at least. Why did you come to-night?" she asked abruptly. "I did not expect you for a week yet."

"And I have come a week too soon, then, eh?"

"I don't know—you had better have waited, perhaps."

"Waiting was dull work, my dear. And your letters were growing dull, too! I suppose you had better to do than to write to your Gustave?"

"I had nothing to write about," she answered, half impatiently. "We are so quiet here."

"You can find the time to listen to love-speeches in the garden, when times are quiet," he said, with a sneer. "I've no objection to let you *amuse* yourself, my dear; but take care it gets not serious."

"If you've come here to lecture me, you may as well go!" she broke forth. "Besides, this is my bedroom, and I don't entertain gentlemen here."

"That is not English fashion? So—I am gone, I vanish, if only you speed me with a little gold."

"And you come for money, when next week you are to have ten thousand dollars!"

"But meantime my purse is empty. You have the comfortable home, the fine dress, and the jewels; and, *gar*, you want I should be a beggar at your gate! Give me the little purse!"

"I tell you I haven't what you want, Gustave, and you know I can't get it to-night. You must go, and at once! Do you know if you were found here you would be sent to prison."

"Give me the little purse!" he cried, angrily.

"I will not! I am not your slave, Gustave!"

"*The little purse!*" he repeated, hissing the words almost in her ear, while he grasped her arm rudely.

Felicie did not stir, though the red blood mantled her cheeks.

"Where?" he said. "In the pocket?"

Felicie flashed a furious glance at him, but was silent.

"Ah, here! It is found at last!" he exclaimed triumphantly, holding up to view the little mother-of-pearl shell, which held Felicie's whole fortune. "It only changes hands, my dear. Your interests are mine, and I shall take fine care of the little purse."

"*Will* you go? If you do not, I will alarm the house!"

The voice was harsh with anger and pain, and it had its effect.

"I obey," he said, releasing her arm on which his grasp had left a purple mark. "You shall be left to your pleasant dreams. *Gad!* but you have cruelty, my dear, to send me out into such weather."

She would not reply by so much as a look, and with a curse on the wind and rain that drove in torrents in his face as he opened the window, he swung himself over the railings, dropped lightly to the ground, and disappeared in the darkness.

"Oh!" said Felicie, through her shut teeth, "to think that I should ever have cared for such a brute! I would give a year out of my life if I could be revenged on him for this insult!"

And she went to the window and held her bruised arm up to the light.

For the rain had ceased more suddenly than it began, and from behind the edges of a cloud the moon was showing her silver face.

Now that the excitement of the night was at an end, she felt that she was shivering with fear and was utterly exhausted.

"There is not a soul cares what becomes of me—but Guy; and why shouldn't I have what little enjoyment I can find in life? Not a soul that I can turn to, and that brute waiting to make me his wife! Never! never!"

And hastily disrobing, she threw herself on the bed, and, in spite of conscience, fell asleep.

It was late, and breakfast was over, when Felicie came down stairs the next morning.

"I hope you are quite well," said Mrs. Hawthorne, from her place at the table. "I take the liberty of inquiring, as it is three-quarters of an hour past the time we are accustomed to sit down."

"Quite well, I thank you," replied Felicie, stopping to pluck a flower from one of the bouquets on the table and to fasten it in Mr. Hawthorne's coat. "I hope you are not suffering at all."

"Mamma is not as well as usual this morning," began Phyllis, "and I am sure, Felicie, you will excuse her if she goes back to her room. I will give you your coffee if you will allow me."

Mr. Hawthorne was watching her closely, but as the tell-tale color mounted to her face, he turned away.

"Do not trouble yourself, Phyllis. It is an odd way to show my penitence, I know, but, you must remember, I am wedded to my cup of coffee. If Mrs. Hawthorne knew how lost I shall feel all day without it, I am sure she would think me sufficiently punished for my tardiness."

Mr. Hawthorne stared at her, as if trying to read a riddle, but at the first glance of her wonderful eyes, his fell.

Felicie drank two cups of strong coffee, and just tasted a hot roll, but she evidently had no appetite, and left the table soon to the great satisfaction of Phyllis, who was longing to be with her mother, who though ever so abrupt with others was never other than tender to her child.

For a moment or two she stood irresolute, looking from the maple avenue that led to the entrance gates to the door of the library, which stood invitingly open.

Finally she went lingeringly toward the door and looked in.

Mr. Hawthorne turned abruptly around.

"Well," she said, when he did not speak, "are you angry with me?"

"I should be a monster ever to be angry with you, Felicie."

"You do not understand me, Guy," she said. "I never hesitate in anything which I undertake; only you must not be surprised if I am sometimes wicked, even toward you. But I'll be good now for a day."

Guy Hawthorne would have reassured her of his love, but she drew herself away.

Even there, with the doors closed and the curtains down, she could not rid herself of the idea that a solitary pair of eyes watched her every movement, and it was only with a cold shiver that she could decide to look around her and assure herself that the room was empty.

"Isn't that for me?" she said, reaching out her hand for the foreign-looking letter, which lay under Mr. Hawthorne's hand.

For answer, he put it into her hand at once. "Will you open it here?" he said, hesitatingly. "I suppose it is from your cousin?"

"Yes," she faltered, "I believe it is."

There was no other way. If she would not have him suspect her, she must open and read it there. But when she had read it, she drew a long breath of relief, for there was nothing in it but what the world might see.

He simply wrote to say that he would be with her on Saturday.

"And it is Tuesday now," she said. "It is a week too soon!"

"Can it be too soon for us?" Guy Hawthorne whispered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEOPLE'S FAILINGS.—A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In one of his great battles Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and, at the same time, desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar. The best men are not without their failings—their scars—but do not dwell upon them.

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Wrong from the Grave; or, The Stolen Heiress. By Mary E. Woodson, author of "A Woman's Vow," etc. Illustrated edition. Published by Walker, Reed & Co., Philadelphia. For sale by Central News Company, 806 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

This is just the very thing for summer reading, and we recommend it to all either in the country or at the seaside, who want something bright, sparkling, and full of thrilling interest. It is a story of love and hatred, of affection and jealousy, of intrigue and devotion. We know of no way in which a leisure hour or two may be more pleasantly whiled away than by a perusal of this novelette.

Cookery from Experience. By Sara T. Paul. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. For sale by S. A. Clarke & Co., Pittsburgh. Price, $1.50.

"Cookery from Experience" is a book that many a hapless housewife might have written, and doubtless there are extra chapters that our own mothers, aunts, etc., would gladly add to the present volume; chapters on actual cooking, not that graceful and easy art so charmingly represented by Professor Blot. We can recommend Mrs. Paul's book by hearsay, having ourselves not much experience in that one of the useful sciences of which she treats.

Young Housekeeper's Friend. By Mrs. Cornelius. Revised and enlarged edition. Published by Walker, Reed & Co., 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

This is a standard work on the subjects of which it treats, and should be in the hands of every young housekeeper in the land. The directions given are so minute, and of so practical a character, that the observance of them will prevent very many of the perplexities which most young people suffer during their first years of married life. The constantly increasing sale of this book, necessitating the present enlarged and revised edition containing hundreds of new receipts tested by experienced housekeepers and full directions for canning fruit, is a conclusive evidence of the favor in which it is already held.

Oldbury. By Annie Keary. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. For sale by S. A. Clarke & Co., Pittsburgh. Price, $1.25.

Oldbury is—we affirm it emphatically—a good book, just the kind of simple, natural story that pleases the jaded fancy of an editor worn out by artificial society novels and long winded romances with "dust and ashes" sprinkled upon every page. We may be, like David Copperfield, very young, but we do like our heroes and heroines to marry and be happy ever after, and we confess as well to a weakness for old fashioned shady, gossipy country towns. We are all in this world somethings like Elsie—each one of us doubtless has an Oldbury, the scene of our youthful romance, which we now see, as poor Flower Aspect saw hers, through a rose-colored mist.

At Capri. A story of Italian Life. By Clara Bauer (Carl Detty), author of "Valentine," "The Countess." Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. For sale by S. A. Clarke & Co., Pittsburgh. Price, $1.25.

"At Capri," as a translation, is not as smooth and easy as other work of the kind done by Mrs. Bauer. But the impression given by the first few chapters is soon forgotten in the decided interest that the *petits* baroness excites—the bewitching, tantalizing Andy, who is a combination of child, nixie, and widow not to be resisted by man of mortal mould. She is a nineteenth century Undine, with the gold haired beauty of a mermaid set off by Parisian toilettes and sixty franc boots—possessing too, as she naively says, "What you call an immortal soul." And she will haunt the fancy of the reader long after "At Capri" has been laid on the shelf.

HOW THEY MAKE ICE IN INDIA.

In the open space, where there are no trees, paralleled ditches are dug in the ground three or four feet deep. These are half filled with straw, and nets are stretched over them. On these nets are placed small earthen saucers, holding about a wine-glass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry and perfectly calm night. When such a night arrives the little saucers are filled with water in the evening, which water by 4 o'clock in the morning is found to be covered with a thin coating of ice! These cakes of ice are small, it is true, but when they are all thrown together into the ice-houses under the ground, they form themselves into masses of quite a respectable size. In these primitive ice-houses the ice keeps for some time.

The straw is placed in the ditches because it is a bad conductor of heat, and by its means the saucers of water are separated from the ground and receive little or no heat from it. The water, therefore, gives out more heat than it receives, so that its temperature is continually lowered until it reaches the freezing point, when it of course becomes ice.

This ice is more or less mixed with bits of straw and with dust. It cannot be used to put into liquids, but placed around them makes them delightfully cool and refreshing, and we can well imagine what a luxury it must be in this torrid region.

HAY FEVER.—It would no doubt be a gratification to many to learn of a cure for the torments of hay fever. But unfortunately there is none yet known, except that which, to the majority of sufferers, is impossible from want of time or means, namely, a temporary change of residence. There are, however, palliative remedies which often bring relief. One of the best is a tea made of poppy heads. The poppy is so generally cultivated as a garden plant that it is quite easily obtained, if not in our own, it may be in our neighbor's garden. The tea should be made to boil in an ordinary tea kettle, and the steam issuing from the nozzle breathed deep into the lungs—at the same time, for obvious reasons, avoiding actual contact with the spout—and this should be continued until relief is obtained. If the poppy heads cannot be had, half a teaspoonful of laudanum may be added to a pint of water, and the steam from this mixture inhaled. At the same time attention should be given to the general health, and digestive and nutritive food only eaten. In conclusion, let us add, for the benefit of those who are subject to yearly attacks, that much good is done by preparing the lungs for the coming hay season. If a teaspoonful of alum be dissolved in a pint of water, and the spray from this mixture be breathed into the lungs for several minutes every day for a month before the expected onset, it will brace up the lungs and make them less susceptible to the irritation of hay dust.

HOME LOVE.

BY SUSANNA J.

My heart goes back to a cottage home
Away 'mid the ferny fells;
Now the gueldre roses are out like foam,
And the crown imperial's leafy dome
Is heavy with tremulous bells.

Laburnum and lilac, gold and gloom,
And the snow-white chestnut spires,
And the bountiful hawthorn's drifted bloom,
Tire lend me the wings of their swift perfume
To flee where my soul desires.

Over the town that is friendless and bare,
O'er tower and steeple and dome,
Over great houses and gardens rare,
Over wide forests and pastures fair,
Till I come to that cottage home.

To my home that is hid in the Past's great tomb
I can go with the scent of the flowers,
And pass, by the magic of each perfume,
Through the garden paths and the shaded room
Where I lived Life's happiest hours.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXI.

LAO RECEIVES GIFTIE—AND DISPOSES OF HER.

In what we suppose may be understood to be "the moral fitness of things," persons with a clear intelligence, refined susceptibilities, and of at least good education, who have been betrayed into the commission of crimes, suffer the greater penalties of their misdeeds mentally. Their intelligence, sensibility and their education, especially if it has been of the higher class, induces them to form, at the lowest, a just and not infrequently an exaggerated estimate of their culpability, and their frequent apprehensions, their constant suspicions, their ever recurring dread of detection, make them suffer an inward torture which necessarily far surpasses all the physical pain and shame of moral degradation, the legal punishment of their evil action, if inflicted, imposes on them.

Under ordinary circumstances the appearance of a strange woman unbidden and unrecognized in her boudoir would have made the heart of Lao leap to her mouth, and have flooded her brain with apprehensions, and as she had just been an unseen witness and listener at the interview between Harcourt and Reginald, the obtrusion of an unknown, common-looking person created in her nothing more than a feeling of vexation, because she purposed following Harcourt and his companion to their destination, wherever that might be. She assumed that the idiotic creature had blundered by mistake into her private room, and must be promptly removed, even if she had to thrust her out by the shoulders. She was in no mood to pause at trifles.

But she did pause, and that most abruptly, at a word.

That simple word "Lavender" came upon her with the roar of a mine sprung at her very—not shoestrings, but—diamond buckles.

She stood motionless. But her mind worked with wondrous rapidity and industrious research. One glance at Mary Lavender's sallow countenance satisfied her as to her identity, and one effort of memory placed before her all the compromising events which once had connected this visitor with herself.

What did they all amount to now? Absolutely nothing! Then why had she felt such a shock at the announcement of the name of Lavender? Simply because, with all her self-assurance, she could not satisfy herself that this woman did not possess some damning knowledge, and was here to proclaim it.

To test this, and urged by her intense eagerness to follow Harcourt and Reginald, she at once said, rapidly:

"I remember you. I suppose you have sought me for money. You must come at another time. I have an engagement, and have not a moment to spare for you."

"You wish to follow those gentlemen?"

Lao hesitated a moment, and then answered, petishly:

"Well, yes. You must not delay me, for they have gone to a railway to catch a train, and I must overtake them, or I shall lose it."

"The South Western Railway?"

"Yes."

"That gentleman with the yellow moustache has gone to see a little girl."

"You know that? Yes, it is so. It is of immense importance to me, Lavender, that I, too, should see that child."

"You will not do so, Miss Lao—I beg your pardon, madam." Lavender paused, with a curious expression in her eyes, and lowering her voice, added, "Perhaps it will not be as well to mention the name."

Lao started, and looked her sharply in the face, then, assuming a haughty, defiant aspect, she made a supercilious gesture with her hand.

"Lookye, Lavender, if you have come to me with a view to extort money out of reminiscences of the past, you may save your time. I have forgotten nothing that I am aware you knew or could have ascertained without my knowledge. If you were to stand upon a platform and trumpet all you are able to tell, it would not personally affect me, nor influence my position in the least degree. Therefore, come to your point at once, and trust rather to my generous recollection of your services than to any fears you falsely imagine I possess."

Mary Lavender looked up at her under her eyelids.

"Do you remember a night of agony—of insensibility next to death—after a visit to—to Simmond's Inn—mistress—no name?"

Lao's large, panther-like eyes were nearly covered by her arched brows, and her complexion grew a shade paler.

"I tell you," she responded, slowly, "I forget nothing—I fear nothing—I defy disclosure."

Mary Lavender, for the moment, looked disconcerted, but instantly, with a hard smile, rejoined:

"You forget nothing. Not even the gentleman to whom that night——"

"I went to pay a farewell visit—Mr. Templemore. He is now in London, and can be found if you search for him. What next, woman? You are delaying me; let me pass," subjoined Lao, with an imperious manner, as she made a movement towards the door.

But Mary Lavender intercepted her with a face as rigid as if cut out of planed pinewood.

"I have the key of the door," she said, with dogged sternness. "I do not mean making my visit bootless. I came to serve, not to fleece you."

At this deliberate lie Lao laughed scornfully, but she certainly had no wish to quarrel with the woman. She foresaw she should probably need the services presently of some scrupulous agent, and who so likely to serve her well and faithfully as this creature, who had already passed a kind of apprenticeship in the work in her service?

The thought passed swiftly through her mind, and as swiftly she decided to avail herself of her co-operation. So, smoothing her features, she replied, with a slight shrug of her shoulders:

"Well, Lavender, I hope you speak the truth. I deserve no less at your hands. I was always a kind mistress to you when you were not quite so attentive to my interests as you might have been. Do not interrupt me. Come here to-morrow, and I will give you a long hour; now I must depart, or I shall be too late."

"Not if you wish to see the girl you just alluded to," rejoined Mary Lavender, with a short laugh.

"What do you mean?" demanded Lao, eagerly.

"That I have interfered with *his* possession of that young lady. Neither *he* nor his friend will find her where they have gone to look for her."

"Have you got her in your charge?"

"I have."

"Where?"

"I am poor, madam. I am not in service, but dependent upon an aged father, who earns a scanty pittance as a post-boy, therefore——"

"You require me to pay you for your information?"

"And services—they are sure to be required."

"Well, as you serve me so you will find me liberal."

Mary Lavender laughed bitterly.

"You were very lavish of promises, madam, the very last time we were together, and though you profess to forget nothing, you did forget all those."

Lao's brows slightly contracted, yet a smile moved her bright red lips; but there was nothing reassuring even to Lavender in it.

"Do you doubt my word?" she asked.

Lavender remained silent.

"Ah!" muttered Lao, with what she alone knew to be a dangerous pleasantry, "we must propitiate the oracle. Here is a peace offering, Lavender—small—for the present; but you shall be fully recompensed when we complete our contract, never fear, *ma petite.*"

She uttered the last paragraph half in soliloquy, and as her small, pink-tipped fingers played with a sovereign her sight caught a curl of utter contempt playing about Lavender's thin mouth. She suffered the sovereign to be still, and moved her fingers to a neatly folded note, which she handed to Lavender, who calmly opened it, and on looking at the old English letters in the corner, handed it back.

"Ten times that amount will alone suffice as a first instalment. What is five pounds to me, when I can make fifty times the sum by finding out the mother of the girl, who is, if any one is, the true Mrs. Harcourt."

Mary Lavender saw a terrible change in the complexion of Lao. She knew her shaft had gone home, and composedly awaited the fumbling which Lao's fingers made among the papers in the silken wallet in which she kept her money.

At last she selected a note. It was for the sum of one hundred pounds, and, as she displayed it before the keen gray eyes of Lavender, she said:

"Cormorant! What do I buy with this—trifle?"

"The possession of the girl herself, and her history so far as I know it."

"How much of it do you know?"

"The gentleman with the straw moustache—your husband, madam?"

Lao's eyes looked nearly closed, as she bent her head affirmatively.

"Your husband brought that girl, a baby, more than two years before he married you, to a woman I know, who nursed it. He took it away from her just before he married you, and put it away in the country."

"North Devon?"

"Very likely. He brought her back a grown-up girl to the same woman, gave money for her keep, and has ordered her to be educated and reared up as a young lady. From what I suspect, he means to seek out her mother and——"

"Where is this girl?" interrupted Lao, with sudden impetuosity. "In this hotel?"

Mary Lavender shook her head with a cunning smile.

"Where I alone can find her. She is of too much value to you and to me to flourish and parade as if she were a parish child, worth nobody's money."

"Bring her as secretly as you can to me immediately. After I have seen and talked with her, I will decide what shall be done with her at present."

"You will find her a strange child," observed Mary Lavender, folding up the note, "with very strange views. She has a burning craving to see her mother, but not, I think, out of any tenderness or affection she has conceived for her. She has been dragged up, is self-willed, and, if thwarted, an absolute little demon."

Lao clasped her hands, and muttered something between her lips, but inaudibly. Then she asked, a little eagerly:

"Is she—a—pretty child?"

"No; not pretty," answered Lavender, partly musing. "Excuse me, madam; I should say you were never a pretty child, but always remarkably handsome. This child is strikingly good looking, but—a—oh, no, certainly not *pretty.*"

Lao compressed her hands and thought. After a short silence she raised her large orbs, glistening with mischief, yet she spoke with a soft tone, sweetened to flavor, but of the insincerity of which Lavender had no misconception.

"Why do you linger, Lavender? Lavender! How familiar that name feels on my lips! Sweet Lavender I called you in those days, used I not? Ah! but then you were trim, smart, neat, shining and sweet scented—with odious bergamot plastered on your hair! You had pretty hair, and were not the dreary dowdy you look now."

"Consider, madam," commenced Lavender, deprecatingly.

Lao interrupted her impatiently.

"I'll smarten you when you come back to me. But bring me the

I hunger to see it.] Enter here on your return as quietly as you can. I will arrange that you shall be immediately shown to me."

Lavender disappeared, muttering to herself:

"I must hold my own with her. She looks as treacherous and as evil as a wild cat, and will throw me over the moment she can do without me. But I have got her bank note for a hundred pounds, that's something."

As soon as she was alone Lao referred to her purse-pocketbook.

"I have the number and signature of that note. I will write to the Bank of England and stop it, as being lost or mislaid, so as to keep Sweet Lavender mine until I find her of no more use."

During Lavender's absence Lao, after musing, brought out some cases of jewelry — necklaces, bracelets, lockets, chains, tiaras, flashing and glittering with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones—and placed them upon tables and places where they could be seen, though they looked as if they had been carelessly left about. Then she flung herself upon a lounge, and patted with her feet and tapped with her fingers frettingly.

"Will she never come?" she soliloquized. "She—this pledge of love—alas, for the petty of love's name!—this token of affection between the counterfeit of a man to whom I am manacled, as if we were coupled convicts in penal servitude, and the creamy, seraph-faced beauty of the opera! I will take charge of their cub for them. I will educate her for the loving couple, and when her qualities, by a rigorous course of treatment, are fully developed, I will introduce her to the considerate attention of the loving couple—and to their horror."

She reclined back with closed eyes and a whirling brain, for the danger of her own position was in itself, with all its complications, enough to distract her, and remained so she scarce knew how long.

She heard no sound of an opening door, a soft footfall, or even the rustle of a dress, but on opening her eyes she saw, standing about half a dozen paces from her, a young girl, with a lithe form, straight as an arrow, gazing upon her with a pair of blue eyes which glistened with the brilliancy and had all the character of twin stars.

To Lao's own surprise she felt a thrill run through her frame from the summit of her brow to her feet as she looked on this vision. Her pulses seemed to deaden, and her heart to stay its beatings, not so much because of the suddenness of the apparition, as from the searching perusal those lambent eyes were making of her lineaments, and the expression of features which accompanied it.

Nothing so remarkable had ever presented itself to her, and the impression was far from flattering to her self-love.

She kept silent until the girl's eyes quitted her face and wandered about the apartment, taking note of the handsome decorations and adornments, the gorgeous furniture and appliances, and the superb articles of jewelry which had been arranged by Lao with the very object of dazzling her imagination.

When they had paused in their survey they returned to Lao's face, and then followed a swift, searching perusal of it once again.

At length Lao's lip curled, and she said, in her most conciliatory tone:

"Well, child, are you quite satisfied with your scrutiny?"

"Yes," responded Giftie, for it was she who spoke with her accustomed bluntness.

"And are prepared to accept me as a friend—a kind, valuable friend?"

Giftie laughed scornfully.

"What stuff!" she replied, with a sarcastic sneer.

"Stuff!" repeated Lao, half rising, with unaffected surprise. "What do you mean?"

"That it is stuff and cant to talk to me in that way. 'A friend—a kind, valuable friend!'" she mimicked. "Why you are my mother!"

A little scream, also quite unaffected, burst from Lao's lips, and this time she rose up with a spring from her seat, and taking Giftie by the two shoulders, she looked into her face, with a glittering in her eyes which would have made some people quail.

"Your mother!" she echoed, with a laugh having a ring in its tone as if it had been produced by a blow on a steel disc. "Your mother! What has put that monstrous notion into your head?"

Giftie shook her hands rudely off.

"I wish it were a monstrous notion," she exclaimed, in her brusque way, and not the least abashed, "for I don't like your looks—though that does not much matter, as I came prepared to hate you."

Lao elevated her eyebrows and examined Giftie's face with a close, rigid scrutiny.

This the child of Harcourt and that blonde thing of the Opera! It seemed impossible. She was fair, it was true, and there might be some points of resemblance wrung out of mien, fair hair, blue eyes, and white complexion to the wax doll she had seen there, but there was nothing in common with Harcourt.

She turned to Lavender.

"There must be some mistake," she said, suggestively.

"No mistake," volunteered Giftie, with a dull brow and pouting lips. Indicating Lavender, she said, "She swore to take me to my mother, or you would not have seen me here. When I came into this grand house, I saw the man who found me at Pendragon and brought me up to London in one of the passages near this room. I would have spoken to him, but that woman pulled me away. You see, she brought me to you as my mother, and when I looked at you I knew you in a moment."

"Knew me! How?" asked Lao, with surprise.

"Because *he* is exactly like you—the same eyes, nose, and mouth," returned Giftie. "Nobody can doubt he's your child, and——"

She stopped abruptly, having caught sight of a sign made to her by Lavender.

"Go on, girl," cried Lao, almost fiercely. "Who is he? Where is he? What is his name?"

Giftie shrugged her shoulders, dropped her eyelids beneath her contracted brows, and remained doggedly silent under a string of passionate interrogatories from Lao. At last, under the pressure of her angered importunities, she answered, moodily:

"It is of no consequence. Some other of the mysteries which enshroud our lives, as poor Dada Milborne used to say. Once for all, madam—mother I shall have to call you, though it won't be pleasant—I made a promise to say nothing about him, and I will keep my word. By-the-by, mam—mother—I want you to know, to feel, to remember, that I always keep my word—would if it were to cost me my life."

The tone with which she uttered this, and the look from her piercingly bright eyes which accompanied it, made Lao's blood tingle. They seemed more like the words of a woman grown than those of a child such as Giftie was, trained though she had been in the bitter school of adversity. Lao marvelled at the fearless spirit they showed; but hers was an untamed spirit, too, and the implied menace only made her fume. She turned to Lavender, and in a tone of irritation demanded:

"What does the little idiot mean?"

Lavender, with a blank expression of countenance, touched her forehead gently, without reply.

Lao's eyes ran over her features.

"That is deception," she thought, with a brain racing about for motives. An idea flashed through her mind. "Can she be in league with Clare?" she asked herself. "There is more in this than appears on the surface. Ah! but I am cunning too."

She was startled by a strange, wild, eldritch laugh from Giftie, and she felt a sharp twitch at her robe. The girl tossed up her hands, and with a wondrous gleaming of intelligence in her features, she cried:

"I am no idiot—you will soon find that out—and you may spare further questions. This is enough. The man who brought me from Pendragon says he is my father. He is living here with you. That woman says he is your husband; of course you must be my mother. You do not want any nonsense about likenesses after that, I suppose."

Lao did not answer; but again and again inspected her from head to foot, and then paced the room in deep and anxious cogitation, Lavender standing gnawing her finger nails in nervous expectation of what was to come, and of which she could form no conception, while Giftie, walking up to the jewelry in the cases, examined it with expressions of childish delight.

Presently, without any diffidence, she proceeded to adorn herself with chaplet, necklace, and bracelets, moving to and fro before a cheval glass in a swing richly scrolled ormolu frame, a blaze of diamonds, and with cheeks glowing with pride and vanity.

A rich chuckle escaped her lips as she strutted backward and forward, now lifting an arm, now making a graceful motion of the body with the carriage of a haughty princess, and suddenly she burst forth:

"Oh, how I should stun Col if he were to pop in here just now."

This little ebullition of exultation drew the attention of Lao, who observed with mixed feelings, though there was one predominant, her quaint and singularly graceful actions.

While thus occupied it seemed as if she suddenly formed a decision, for turning abruptly to Lavender, she said, in a tone which did not admit of question:

"You may go, Lavender, and leave this girl with me. Ask no questions, and be here at this hour in three days. I shall then have your future arranged. It will not only be your interest to keep my counsel, but your own, as any treachery attempted by you will involve you in utter ruin. Not another word. Go; and mark me, forget you brought this present to me—forget that you ever saw or heard of her. Go!"

She stamped her foot, and pointed imperiously to the door.

Cowed, looking green in the complexion, making inwardly a host of threats and outwardly a profession of thanks, and promising to return at the appointed time, Lavender slunk away.

"Yes, go," called Giftie after her; "but take my love to——"

She paused, for she caught Lao's eye fixed on her.

"To whom!" demanded Lao, quickly.

Giftie gave one of her wild laughs.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, if you will. They are beautiful enough to be loved, are they not?"

Lao folded her arms.

"That will do," she murmured, as she watched Giftie's wild antics. "At Dr. Stanton's private lunatic asylum money is the only certificate required. He lives, for I saw him in the park. I'll place her with him. If she is not quite mad they will soon make her so. Oh, but the fair lady of the photograph shall have her own again."

She turned to Giftie.

"You are contented to stay with me?" she said, in a caressing tone.

Giftie looked at her with raised eyebrows.

"Of course," she answered, "with whom else? You are my mother."

Lao laughed, parted her hair from her forehead, and moved as if to kiss it.

Giftie pushed her away.

"No," she said, harshly, "no kissing. You got over that when you sent me away to die among strangers."

Lao laughed again in response, and harshly, too. She thought of her own boy.

"That is, perhaps, what he would say to me," she mused.

Her brow darkened, her bosom heaved and fell. She bit her lip until she tasted the salt blood. Then she made an impetuous gesture with her hand.

"Bah!" she muttered, passionately; "I have got over that."

She took Giftie to a small private dressing-room—a kind of sanctum she had—and giving her cakes, and wine, and fruit, and books full of pictures, and cases of jewels to amuse herself with, she locked her in while she went, as she told her, to pay a visit to a friend.

Giftie made no demur.

She had, as she thought, come "home," and she resolved, as far as she possibly could bring herself to do it, to be obedient. She was unable to explain to herself the mystery which attended the movements of her supposed father, and why he had not brought her here at first; but she asked no questions. She felt dazed and woebegone.

She had found a fine home and a finer mamma; but the first brought no joy to her mind, though for the moment she had been dazzled by the jewels, and the latter had already inspired her with an irrepressible dislike; that, in truth, was one reason why she refrained from putting to her a hundred questions in reference to the treatment she had been subjected to from her infancy. It seemed to her that there was no help for it all, and every wind must blow her about as it chose.

It was night when Lao reappeared, muffled up, and after a few plausible pretences, partly concealing Giftie under a long cloak, she contrived to convey her unseen from the hotel and then, by means of a close cab, to a somewhat distant suburb, up a narrow, dark road lined with trees. The vehicle paused before a house which looked grim and black in the night.

As they alighted Giftie looked up suspiciously at the building.

"What place is this?" she asked.

"A school for young ladies, where I am going to place you," returned Lao, in a soothing whisper.

"It is not the right one," exclaimed Giftie, retreating. "I won't go to it."

But a large mantle was thrown over her by a strong man, and with the aid of a second she was borne, struggling, into the house. Lao followed, the door closed with a bang, and there ensued much locking and bolting.

The cabman pocketed half a sovereign out of which no change had been asked, and, shrugging his shoulders, he muttered:

"That's a young 'un to be a loo-natic, and no mistake."

CHAPTER XXII.

TEMPLEMORE AND HARCOURT MEET FACE TO FACE.

The mad disappointment, the mortification, the rage which convulsed Reginald on discovering, when he arrived at Twopenny's cottage at Tattenham, that Giftie had disappeared may be much better imagined than described.

His journey with Harcourt had occasioned him a chafing torture, because a policy which may be understood compelled him to refrain giving him into custody on charges of attempted murder and bigamy. He had no notion of a compromise; but Floye, whose lightest wish was law to him, had declared her intention of submitting to any wrong or sacrifice to obtain possession of her child; and that kept him to a certain degree passive—as a tiger is passive when enmeshed in the toils of a strong net.

They had exchanged but few words during their railway journey. Harcourt felt the necessity of saying little and admitting nothing, and Reginald did not trust himself to make observations for fear of an outbreak, which might frustrate the object on which he was engaged. When, however, they arrived at Twopenny's abode, and found Faith wringing her hands and weeping distractedly at this mysterious vanishing of Giftie, Shaphat, with his nose in the air, braying like a donkey about the "hills that pore hooman flesh was hair to," and preaching "rezeruashun to the unscrutable dispensations of Proverdence"—a "dispensation" he had helped to bring about by promises of "untold gold" made to him by Mary Lavender—then Reginald's self-possession gave way, and he delivered himself of a furious outburst, which made Faith Twopenny hold her breath in fear and wonder, and Shaphat feel his hair curling upwards, and a cold trickling down the nape of his neck to his heels.

It seemed to him that, if his complicity with Giftie's disappearance should be discovered, this strange gentleman would beat him as thin as if he had been passed between the cylinders of a flatting mill.

The worst of it was there was not a trace of Giftie to be met with. The story of Faith Twopenny was that she had left her in charge of her husband—his, that he had locked her in the cottage while he attended to his "portorial jewties," and found the door locked, and all the windows close down when he came back, exactly as he had left them.

A search, in which Reginald and Harcourt, attended by Faith and some sharp lads whom they hired, took part, was carried on for hours—as may be supposed in vain. Shaphat, who alone could have explained the mystery, sneaked off to the station, to which he said, with a pretended assumption of despair and misery, his "portorial jewties wrenched" him.

All inquiries failed to discover any one who had seen her, and at nightfall the hunt was given up.

Reginald returned to London with Harcourt, and on parting with him frankly told him that until the circumstances which most unhappily connected them together were brought to a definite conclusion he might regard him as his shadow.

Harcourt responded with a sickly smile.

"I do not know what right you have to interfere in my private domestic matters. It is possible that when I come to know the relations existing between you and—the lady whose champion you profess to be, I may be less fascinated with you than I am at present—it is not much, I assure you; but until I know what that right is, permit me to point out to you that any attempt to play the part of my shadow will cause your introduction to the police."

"I want you to know this," rejoined Reginald, unable to prevent his voice quivering, "that my assumption of the part of your shadow will be simply in the character of a spirit of vengeance. Of you personally I entertain feelings only of contemptuous abhorrence. My right to act for the lady alluded to you will learn in good time; but in the interval any word or hint that may escape your dastardly lips derogatory to the purity of her name will be followed by a horsewhipping at my hands, which shall confine you to your chamber for months. Go! We shall meet again, and, as before, when you least expect it."

He turned away, leaving Harcourt inwardly chafing with a passion he thought it discreet not to give way to, and shaped his course for the residence of Floye.

At first he determined not to mention to her his labors of the day, and their unwelcome ending; but there was an expression in her eyes as they wandered over his jaded features which mutely appealed to him to reveal all he had to tell, for she knew by the expression on his open and ingenuous face that his day had been actively and importantly employed on her behalf.

He was unable to resist that entreating look, which pleaded so earnestly without the assistance of a spoken word; and so piecemeal she drew from him all he had to tell.

She sat like a statue until he had finished, and then she walked up and down the chamber in much agitation. She would have run from the room, but a consideration for Reginald withheld her. He watched her earnestly, and with feelings anything but self-congratulatory. He was not, therefore, surprised when she paused before him, and in a tone and mien of humility which made his blood surge hotly through his veins, asked:

"What said *he* of me?"

He rose up, and with a lip that trembled, he answered, in a with difficulty compelled undertone:

"This, Floye. He said of you that which, if you had heard it, retaining the smallest taint of affection for him, ought to make you crush it out for ever at *any* sacrifice."

She pressed her hands to her heart, and turned from him, but he saw that her whole frame shook from head to foot. Suddenly she turned to him, and with a forced smile on her lips, she exclaimed:

"Your generous exertions are not all in vain. We have recovered the clue, and to-morrow we will go down to Tattenham by first train, and remain there until we have scoured the whole country. It is impossible the darling can elude such a search as I will institute."

Reginald knew that it would be useless to interpose any objections, and therefore assented to her plan. On the following morning, attended by Deb Keyne and Panther, they proceeded to Tattenham, and secured apartments at a hotel, for Tattenham had many aristocratic visitors whose comforts needed ministration, and had, therefore, three or four rather pretentious hotels.

All that Faith Twopenny had to communicate only stimulated Floye to yet greater efforts, and she was now sure the missing girl was her own darling, of whom Harcourt had so iniquitously deprived her. Yet at a week's end they were no nearer to success than when they set out.

It is true that the dog nosed from the cottage to the railway station, and there paused, and whined and leaped about and barked, and did this each time Faith Twopenny's cottage was visited quite of his own impulse, while to a search in any other direction he was wholly indifferent. Deb Keyne thereupon advanced, and stoutly maintained her theory, that Giftie had proceeded to the station, and had sprung into a train while in motion in mere impish wilfulness, and heedless whither it was proceeding. Inquiries at the station, however, failed to support this supposition.

Once, indeed, Panther made a point, and that was at a woman whom they met, who seemed much disturbed in mind, and screamed with fright when the dog, after scenting her garments, jumped up at her, circled and frisked round her, and gave tongue lustily.

Deb Keyne at once proceeded to question her, but the woman would not listen to a word. She entreated not to be delayed, for she said she had had the care of a boy from infancy, and he had strangely disappeared. He had been employed, she said, at the racing stables just outside Tattenham, but she could gain no tidings of him there, or, indeed, anywhere else. He was a wicked, wilful imp, and she had no doubt was secreting himself somewhere in order to cause her fright and anxiety.

She was the more afflicted at his mysterious absence, because, after many years absence from England, she expected daily the appearance of his parents to claim him. If they should encounter him they would know him by his large black eyes, and that he answered to the name of Leo.

Her name, she said, was Lavender, and any one in Tattenham could point out the cottage in which she dwelt.

All this she said in hurried accents, and with great volubility. As she concluded, she went away with a run, followed by Panther, who ran before her, wheeled about her, leaped up at her, and barked generally in an insane kind of way, so that she turned, and with clasped hands mutely appealed to them to call the dog away. This Reginald did with some activity, and the dog obeyed; but Deb Keyne shook her head as the dog returned with great reluctance, and she muttered:

"That creatur' knows somethin' of our Giftie. I'll take her in hand."

Both Floye and Reginald thought there was something curious in this coincidence; but sorrow is mostly selfish, and they quickly banished this incident from their minds in extending the area of their search, only to close each day's labors in wearying and sorrowing disappointment.

Harcourt, in his turn, after the profitless journey to Tattenham, returned to the Cavendish, and as of late had been his habit, proceeded at once to his own private room, where he could, uninterrupted, indulge in what for years had been to him anything but the luxury of thought.

He wanted to review his situation, once more complicated by the disappearance of Giftie, and to try to eliminate out of his involved position the track safest to pursue. But he had not a logical mind, and he became so perplexed when he sought to conjecture what Lao's secret involved, what might be the issue of his own secret connected with Floye in the hands of the "ruffian" who had forced him to take the profitless journey to Tattenham, that at last he leaped to his feet, paced the chamber with disordered steps, and cried, distractedly:

"I do not know what to do, unless it be to blow my wretched brains out. After all my plans had been laid so carefully—everything so splendidly arranged too—and yet to go wrong! Ah! it is of no use for me to fight against fate. I will go to Lao, worm her secret out of her by making a clean breast of my own, and then we will go abroad again without a day's delay, and live a life of frantic riot and jollity. I ought to have some happiness with my fortune. I never had an ounce, a jot, yet; but I will—I will, if I drink myself raving mad!"

In this inflamed frame of mind he rushed off to have an interview with Lao. Both were to be open, confiding, not to keep the ghost of a reserve hidden in their breasts. All their past should be disclosed to each other without any *arrière-pensées* being retained. They would shake hands, vow to be fast and faithful to each other, and then, hey for a life of wild, mad revelry, in circles where mad revelry was the rule, unchecked by considerations of prudery. Lao would be certain to agree to this. She would bound at the proposition, and before to-morrow's sunset they would be careering Southward Ho!

But, alas for this arrangement, enticing to a mind not weakly fastidious concerning the proprieties—Lao was not, according to an Irishism, convenient. He sought her in reception and dining-room, in boudoir and bedchamber; but she "was not."

Neither her servants nor his, nor any of the hotel attendants, had seen her since the morning, when she had given the strictest orders not to be intruded upon. No one had observed her leave the hotel, and she was not within any room of the suite they occupied.

Harcourt dismissed the people he had summoned, and wandered through the rooms like one in a dream. His features, inflamed to the hue of apoplexy, assumed a devilish and malevolent expression.

"If she is prosecuting an intrigue," he ground between his teeth, "I will go nearer murder than I have done yet. I doubt her. I believe her to be as frail as water, and false as frail; and if she be false to me, so good, so nobly as I have acted towards her, let her beware! Whither can she have gone? With whom?"

An oath escaped him, and with trembling fingers he applied to his pocket-book, and drew out a card and perused it with fiery eyes.

"Confound it! Colonel De Rougemont only;" he ejaculated "only." "But he is to be found, and I'll seek him."

A moment more and he was on the outer steps of the hotel. A cab was passing, and a voice from within hailed him.

He saw the head of Admiral Hardcastle protrude, and he heard him exclaim:

"Harcourt, devilish glad to run athwart you. If not better engaged, come on and dine with me at the club. There will be no hitch this time. Templemore is fixed to me, so is De Rougemont. Jump in, man—no dress—we shall just hit the time. I can't excuse you. You must meet Templemore."

"And De Rougemont," thought Harcourt, as with an assenting wave of his hand he sprang into the cab, and was whirled off at a rattling pace.

The Beaudesert was a club in which the conveniences and the peculiar requirements of the members were studied. There were charming rooms of various sizes for private dinner parties, in addition to the large and magnificent club public dining room, and in one of these Admiral Hardcastle had arranged to have a small dinner of an unusually *recherche* character, to be followed by some "high play" afterwards.

He ushered Harcourt into a small anteroom, and they found it occupied already by one guest—but one guest only.

Admiral Hardcastle uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"How fortunate," he cried, rubbing his hands. "Templemore, let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my friend, Mr. Harcourt. Harcourt, my friend, Mr. Clare Templemore. Now, you two fellows get acquainted with each other. I want a word with the *chef* about our little dinner."

With that he disappeared, and the two men were left alone together.

What Templemore felt and thought as he gazed with a direct, unendurable stare on Harcourt's face he successfully concealed, but Harcourt flushed, and felt his features shift uneasily and confusedly as he looked on the terrible countenance and the rigid eye presented unflinchingly to him.

That Templemore was the original of Lao's long concealed photograph there was not the shadow of a doubt; but his complexion, ghastly and awful, like Frankenstein's hideous man—what did that suggest?

Harcourt felt his hair rise slowly up as the not-to-be-forgotten exclamation of Lao in reference to this man recurred to him. As his furtive glances raced uneasily over the awe-inspiring, livid countenance in such unpleasant proximity to his own, he could in imagination see the gleaming of her panther-like eyes, the sparkle of her white teeth, and hear the terrible intonation of her voice as she hissed out the word, "Poisoned!"

In dread reality, what had been her actual relations with this man? What was there in his power to reveal? What might he, by craft, be induced to reveal?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SPIDER IN CAMP.

It is quite refreshing and greatly relieves the monotony of a quiet, domestic life to witness a woman, or a party of them, when a mouse, a snake or spider appears upon the scene. It was our good fortune once to be present in a house where there were three women, two babies and one spider. The women were shelling peas for dinner, and the babies were amusing themselves by pelting each other with the shucks. One of the ladies we will designate as "Grandma," the two others as Mrs. F. and Mrs. H. They had the peas in the sack, around which the trio were congregated on the floor. All went well enough till Mrs. H. put her hand in the sack for another handful of peas and brought forth a big black spider. She dropped the peas, spider and all, and then the performance commenced. The first thing in order was three agonizing shrieks. Then grandma mounted a chair, Mrs. H. jumped upon a table, while Mrs. F. dropped the pan of shelled peas and struck a tragic attitude on the sofa. The spider seemed to be making for the two babies on the floor. Maternal affection at once triumphed over fear, and the four feet of the two mothers were instantly planted, as they supposed, right on top of that spider. But they didn't touch that spider at all. Mrs. F.'s left heel struck Mrs. H. on the right big toe, causing the latter to dance a jig in the most approved style, although she belongs to the Church. They again kicked at the spider, but missed it, and kicked the babies instead. Then the music commenced in dead earnest—the two women shrieking and dancing about, and the babies howling for all that was out. We could have killed the spider, but we didn't want to, because it would have spoiled the fun, which was better than a circus. Meanwhile grandma had kept her position on the chair. The old lady's time had now come. She swung her arm to and fro, like the boys do at a jumping match, leaped over a sewing machine, and landed right on the top of that spider, crushing him to death. The fun then was over and calmness soon reigned again in that household. The three women took a drink of ice water, fanned themselves awhile, and then got the fire-shovel and duster and carried the corpse of that ugly dead spider into the kitchen, and cremated him in the cooking stove. Casualties: Grandma some loose teeth by jumping so heavily on the floor; Mrs. F., a sprained ankle; Mrs. H., a smashed toe, while one of the babies had a black eye and the other a skinned elbow.

PURPOSE.—An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing; but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty.

CAUTION.—The way to escape a fall is to fear one's own weakness, and not go too fast.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A SIMPLE and effectual remedy for the prevention of milk turning sour in summer time consists in adding to each quart fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda. This does not affect the taste of the milk, while it facilitates its digestion.

TO PREVENT TIN RUSTING.—Rub fresh lard over every part of the dish, and then put it in a hot oven and heat it thoroughly. Thus treated, any tin ware may be used in water constantly and remain bright and free from rust indefinitely.

A SIMPLE mode of keeping butter in warm weather is to set over the dish containing it a large flower pot or unglazed earthenware crock, inverted. Wrap a wet cloth around the covering vessel, and place the whole where there is a draft of air.

THE following varnish, which can be made very easily, is excellent for either straw or basket work: Take two ounces of fine sealing wax, pound it very fine, and sift through a lawn sieve. Put into a large phial, and add one ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it. Let it stand near the fire forty-eight hours, shaking it often. If too thick add more spirits. Rub in with a brush, and, when dry, apply a second time.

THE following recipe for doing up skirts will be found of use to many housewives: Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and cork it and keep it for use. A teaspoonful of gum-water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

SIMPLE BAROMETER.—Take a common wide-mouthed bottle such as are used for pickles; fill it within a few inches of the top with water. Then take a common long-necked flask, and plunge the neck of it into the pickle bottle as far as it will go, and the barometer is made. In fine weather the water will rise into the neck of the flask even higher than the pickle bottle. In wet and windy weather it will fall to within an inch of the mouth of the flask. Before a heavy gale of wind the water has been seen to leave the flask altogether, at least eight hours before the gale came to its height. This is on the same principle as that of the mercury barometer.

NEWS OF INTEREST

MCCULLOCH says forty millions of Frenchmen could subsist on that which forty millions of Americans throw away.

A CASHMERE shawl tent with silver poles was lately presented to the Viceroy of India by the Maharajah of Cashmere.

"JUMP-UP-AND-RUN-A-WAY-AND-THEN SIT-DOWN-AGAIN," is the name of an Indian chief who has just taken the war-path.

IN Somersetshire, when boys first hear the cuckoo they run away as fast as they can, to prevent their being lazy all the year after.

BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS says that one Parisian milliner uses forty thousand humming birds every season, and she fears the species will become extinct.

AND now a learned European savan comes forward and upsets all our pet theories by declaring that the right time to go to bed is just after eating the principal meal of the day.

THE Pope has determined to put into execution his long cherished plan of placing twelve statues around the cupola of St. Peter's, in conformity with the designs of Michael Angelo.

A TELEGRAM has been sent from this city to London and an answer received in thirty minutes actual time. Each message traveled three thousand six hundred miles, and passed through the hands of eighteen persons.

At a spelling match in Andover, Massachusetts, the Board of Referees was made up of six charming young ladies dressed in wigs and the ermine of English judges, attended by beautifully attired pages, bearing dictionaries.

NAVAL armaments are still in a transition state. It is asserted in England that the moment an eighty-one-ton gun is fairly afloat, in a ship built to carry it and use it, the fate of sea-going armor-clad vessels of the present type is sealed.

THE great English trotting match between Steel Grey and Peeping Tom, two of the best animals in England, took place in Leamington, Yorkshire, April 13. The match was made to trot ten miles for one thousand dollars a side. Steel Grey won by over fifty yards, after trotting the distance without a break in 27.56½.

$50,000 WILL BE PAID FOR ANY remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, established in 1847; never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

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HOPE DEFERRED.

BY MAURICE KOAN.

Miss Selina Martin lives over the way. She is an old maid. It is her habit to come over every day, and borrow Mrs. Evergreen's newspaper. As I write in the little sitting-room I hear her talking to Bessie.

"As a general thing," says Miss Selina, "I don't think much of the French. They ain't my style. Their Paris communes, low-necked dresses, and general carryings on don't suit my ideas—but, then I'm kinder strange."

To hear Miss Selina's tone, you would naturally think that she was the *one* pattern of morality left in this degenerate age.

"There's some good among them, I'll allow," she continues, "some of 'em know their places, and I've got one of that kind. Picked her up lookin' for all the world like a scared chicken among a lot of emigrants t'other day. She's not like the usual run of hired gals. Bless you, no! I took her because she can't speak much English, and a girl who can't speak English isn't likely to have followers; and if there's anything I set my foot on, it's followers."

And Miss Selina having secured the paper took her leave in virtuous triumph.

I was curious to see the "hired gal" who had at last succeeded in pleasing the ancient maiden.

Having finished my writing, I took a book, and sat down at the window; but when I have my choice between studying books and studying people, I always prefer the latter, and so the book was neglected.

After which, the postman stopped at Miss Selina's door, and a young girl, in a white cap, which covered all her hair, came out to take the letter. If you have been an invalid at any part of your life, your whole world made up of the space between four walls, you have learned to study small things, finding, like the melancholy Jacques, "sermons in stones," and deepest meaning in the veriest trifles. There was a little romance in the way the girl took that letter. Her hand went out eagerly to meet it, and she read the direction on the envelope. Then the expectant light faded from her blue eyes, and the blush-rose tint left her cheeks. She closed the door, her manner expressing sad resignation, and left in my mind the impression that I had discovered a link in the life story of Miss Selina's hired girl.

I tried to brush up the small stock of French which had been diligently pounded into my youthful mind at school, and soon made myself useful as an interpreter between Miss Selina and her assistant. By putting "this and that together," I was able to make out Marie Liseau's little story.

Her father and mother were Norman peasants, who lived on a little farm, near Pont Audemer, in Normandy. "We were not rich, monsieur—we three," said Marie, "but we were very happy. Ah, how well I remember those happy mornings in the spring and summer, when my good mother and I would come into Pont Audemer for the market. Many of our neighbors would come also, and we made quite a crowd. The wagons were all filled with fresh eggs, and cheese, and butter, with sometimes red cherries and carrots—not such as you have here, monsieur, but larger and finer, and of the color of gold. And I wore my cap and the wooden shoes—*sabots*—which Miss Selina does not like. Oh, those were happy days! And the carts would stop near the brook on the hill, in the sweet morning air, and Jean Faye was there, and——"

Here her eyes filled with tears, and she would talk no more about France that day. Jean Faye was a young farmer, industrious and well-to-do, and so was Pierre Belin. Jean was as strong and slow as a great ox, while Pierre was short and meagre, but wiry and not ill-looking.

These two fell in love with Marie, who, with her innocent blue eyes, soft rose-like complexion, and gentle manner, might have been the belle of a greater place than a Norman village. Of the two, Marie preferred Jean Faye. Now Jean Faye greatly admired Marie's good looks, but he felt greater admiration for the comfortable *dot*, or marriage portion, which old Liseau had promised to bestow on his daughter. When Pierre Belin was informed by Marie—for her parents left the matter to her—that she could not be his wife, he said nothing; he only smiled, and showed his white teeth—those white teeth which always made Marie think of a dog's.

The day for the wedding drew near. Marie was content, for her parents were happy, and she liked Jean Faye very well.

Marie's parents spent much time in visiting and talking over the match with their neighbors, and one day when they were not at home, and Marie was preparing supper in the kitchen, Pierre Belin entered.

"Marie Liseau," he said, "a lady's carriage, from Pont Audemer, has overturned on the road. The lady has fainted, and they are bringing her here."

Marie hurried away to get her mother's room ready, and the lady was brought in, supported by her coachman and a peasant. Pierre Belin was very officious, and he insisted on leading the way to the room.

The lady proved to be the wife of a notary of Pont Audemer, who had come out for a drive. Her laces, silks, puffs and trimmings amazed the simple Marie. She soon recovered, however, and announced her intention of departing. As she was going down stairs she suddenly uttered a startled exclamation, and asked:

"Where is my diamond star? I had it here—in this bow on my bosom."

They went back to the room, and searched. The star, which Marie had not noticed, was not there. The lady was greatly agitated.

"What will my husband say? she exclaimed, "it was worth five hundred francs!"

In the kitchen they found Pierre Belin. He said that he was certain madame had the cross when she was carried into the room.

"Then," she said, turning to Marie, "you must have taken it!"

In vain, Marie, stunned by the accusation, sobbed and protested. The notary's wife insisted that she was the thief. "This man here testifies that I had the ornament when I was carried into the room. After that you alone were with me. Confess your crime, return the star and I will not appeal to the law."

"Oh, Marie! Marie! I would not have believed this of you!" exclaimed Pierre Belin. "Here come your poor parents, ungrateful girl!"

The old people entered. They were indignant, horror stricken at the accusation; but they never for a moment believed that their daughter was guilty. Marie begged that the lady might search her. This was not agreed to, the lady refused. Marie must either return the star or pay its value, five hundred francs. The latter was Pierre Belin's suggestion. Five hundred francs made the exact sum of Marie's *dot*. Of course Marie knew nothing of the star, and her father promised to pay the money.

"Jean Faye will not marry a dowerless girl," whispered Pierre Belin to Marie, "but I will."

Marie turned away scornfully. Pierre only smiled, and said good night.

Everybody in the village soon knew the whole story. The old people were crushed, and Jean Faye refused to marry Marie, not because of the disgrace, but because she had no *dot*.

"At last," said Marie, "I could live there no longer. I said adieu to the old cure and my good parents, and came to America, and the good God has taken care of me. Every day I look for a letter from my home, to tell me that something has happened to prove that I am not guilty."

And yet Marie is cheerful and contented, and I never see her look sad, except after each visit of the gray-uniformed letter-carrier.

The house next door is being repaired, and employed there is a young Irish carpenter, who sings scraps of old-world tunes at his work all day. I notice that he watches Marie's flitting to and fro on her errands with much attention. He is a handsome, frank, honest-looking fellow. The other day the water-pipes that supply the houses on the opposite side of the street got out of order, and Marie had to come across several times with a bucket; but each time the Irishman gallantly filled, and carried it over for her.

One good turn deserves another, at any rate, Marie thinks so. Not long after, the Irishman, whose name, by the way, is Phil Malone, sat down on the curbstone to eat his dinner. He drew from his pocket some articles which at once proclaimed him to be an uncared-for bachelor—some thick slices of bread and a *chunk* of meat.

Marie had been watching from behind the blinds, for she darted across the street, made a rapid speech to Phil, seized the uninviting eatables, and in fifteen minutes made her appearance with a covered plate.

"Och sure, this beats everything!" I heard Phil exclaim, and I knew that Marie's culinary skill had made a transformation. Luckily, Miss Martin was out.

* * * * *

To-night, just after the gas was lit, Marie came into my sitting-room. She smiled, blushed and looked very happy.

"Will monsieur come to church with us to-morrow?" she asked, demurely. I stared.

"Monsieur is surprised, perhaps? *Ma bien*, I am going to become Phil's wife to-morrow. Oh, I am so happy!"

And she drew a letter from her pocket.

"It came to-day," she said. "Phil has not seen it yet. Read it, monsieur."

I read it. It was from the notary's wife. Pierre Belin was dead; and, dying, he had confessed that he had found the diamond star on the kitchen floor, and kept it. The writer begged Marie's pardon, and enclosed a draft for one thousand francs (about $200), by way of reparation. She also stated that the young farmer, Jean Faye, would soon start for America to claim his bride, now that she had her *dot*.

"Let him come!" cried Marie, laughing. "He will find that I have not waited!"

"Girls are all alike," said Miss Martin, sadly, "all alike, whether American, German, Irish, or French; they *will* have followers. Such is life!"

AN ACROSTIC.

BY E. L. BENTON.

Golden are the moments
Etched by Time's grim hands;
Onward, ever onward,
Rush their countless bands
Gliding to the river
In the silent past—
Each to stray, ah, never
From its channel vast.

Guard them ne'er so truly,
Instantly they flee,
Like some prisoned fairy
Suddenly set free—
Oh! may sinful moments
Never come to thee.

DUNDREARY AT THE SEASIDE,
AND THE "WIDDLE" HE MADE

Dear Mr. Editor:—One of the many popular delusions respecting a swell is the supposition that he leads an independent life—goes to bed when he likes—gets up when he likes—d-dresses how he likes, and dines when he pleases.

The public are gwossly deceived on this point. Now I come under the de-mon—demonima—(no—thtop—what is the word?) dom—denom—d-denomination—that'th it—I come under the d-denomination of a swell—(in-in fact—a *howwid* swell—some of my friends call me, but *that'th* only their flattewy) and I assure you, Mr. Editor, a f-fellah in that capacity is so much westwained by rules of f-fashion—that he can scarcely call his eye-giath his own. A swell, I take it, is a fellah who t-takes care that he swells, as well as swells who swell as well as he (there's thuch lot of thwelling in that thentence—ha ha—it's what you might c-call a *busting* definition). What I mean is, that a f-fellah is obliged to do certain things at certain times of the year whether he likes 'em or no. For instance, about the middle of June ev'wy one goes out of town, some to the seaside and some to the country—n-no one knowth why—that'th the betht of it—and so I had to go too—and I went to the seaside.

Not such a b-bad place after all—I d-daresay if I hadn't *had* to go I should have gone all the same, for what is a f-fellah to do? However, itha jolly sort of a place——b-bands play twice a day, and ev'wy one goes to bathe about 11 o'clock, so I went too—(n-not *two* o'clock you know, but eleven o'clock.) I—I'm vewy fond of m-martial music mythelf. I like the dwums and the t-twombones, and the ophicleides, and all those sort of inthtwuments—yeth—ethpethelley the bwass ones—they're so vewy exthpiring, they are. Thtop, though ith it exthpiring—or *p-per*thpiring?—n-neither of 'em sound quite right. Oh! I have it now—it-it's inthpiring—that'th what it is: b-because the fellahs *bweath into* them. That weminds me of a widdle I made down there (I-I've taken to widdles lately—and weally it'th a vewy harmleth thort of way of getting thwough the morning—and it amuthes two fe-fellahs at onth, because if-if you asthk a fellah a widdle, and he can't guess it—you can have a jolly good laugh at *him*, and—if he—if he *doth* guess it, he—I mean you—no—that is the widdle—stop—I—I'm getting confuthed—where wath I? Oh, I know: if-if he *doth* guess it—however—it ithn't vewy likely he would—so what's the good of thupposing impwobabilities?) Well—thith was the widdle I made—I thed to Sloper—(Sloper's a fwiend of mine—a vewy good sort of fellah Sloper is—I d-don't know exactly what his pwofession would be called, but he gets a good salary—f-for doing nothing—s-somewhere—I forget where—but I—I know he does it)—I thaid to Sloper—'Why is that f-fellah with the b-bassoon l-like his own instwument?' and Sloper said, 'How—how the *dooth* should I know?' (Ha, ha!—I—I thought he'd give it up!) So I thaid to Sloper, 'Why, b because they both get *blown*—in *time*.' *You* t-thee the joke of course, but I don't think Sloper did thomehow: all he thed was—'V-vewy mild, Dundweary,'—and t-tho it was mild—I don't thee why a f-fellah should go making wemarks about the weather instead of laughing at m-my widdle. On the board walk you see such a lot of thtunning girls ev'wy afternoon—d-dwessed twemendous, and looking like—yes, by Jove! l-like angels—there-th no other word for it. There are two or thwee always *will* l-laugh, somehow, when I meet them—they do now *weally*. I—I almost fancy they wegard me with intowest. I muthtatkk Sloper if he can get me an intwoduction. Who knowth? pwaps I might make an impwession—I'll twy—I—I've got a little conversathional power——and *theveral* new wethcoats.

Are you f-fond of thwimming? I am—vewy, that is in shallow water, where you can k-keep one toe at the bottom. Of courth I-I don't go out of my depth. That's a—a sort of th-thing no fellah should do—unless he f-falls overboard, and then he shouldn't stay there longer than he's absolutely obliged. It's getting wather chilly in the water just now, so I twied the other day to devise a plan by which I might continue my sea b'bath and yet keep out the cold. I'll tell you what I did: I—I never said a word to any one on the matter, but I just went over to a store one morning, and I took one of the clerks aside—and I thaid to him "Aw—I—a—want a few yards of blanket."

"*What* did you say?"

"Of blanket," I wepeated.

"Do you mean blanketing for ironing out linen upon?"

"Linen be——be *washed*," I said, "I mean blankets thuch as you put on beds."

"Beg pardon—certainly."

So they bwought me some jolly fluffy looking stuff, and I asked for six yards of it, when one of the men (confound his impudence) began to gwin: "We couldn't cut them—but we can give you a pair."

"All wight," I said.

"Well, not quite white, but as near as the wool can be bleached."

"What the dooth do you mean?" I thaid; "didn't I t-thay all *wight*?—I—I'll take 'em."

By this time you will have p-perceived what my object wath in b-buying blankets. I wanted to have a b-blanket b-bathing suit made—coat, wethcoat, and t-t-twowsers to wear in the water—w-wathn't that a thtunning notion? ha! ha!

Well, the things were sent home in a few days, and one morning—I—I chose wather a chilly morning on purpose—I p-packed up my suit and walked down to the beach. I changed my d-dwess in a twinkling—and in another moment I was struggling with the waves. Struggling indeed!—you can't contheive the thtate I was in. In the first place, the water twickled up my thleeves, down thwough my pockets, in at my wethcoat, etc., etc., in the motht uncomfortable way—but that wathn't the worsht of it, for in about half a minute my b-blanket suit became tho satuwated with water that I could thcarcely move; and as for cold—with all that heavy wet thtuff about me—you may imagine all I suffered. A man (who, I dare thay, thought I was d-dewanged) had to help me out, and I vowed I would never twy expewiments on mythelf again—only fanthy, if I'd been out alone in that dwess, I should have gone to the bottom as sure as a gun—yes, and *gunner*—I mean surer. I thought the betht plan was to g-give up b-bathing for the pwesent, and pwaps, when the summer season weturns, and by the time I go into the water again, I shall have learnt to thwim better.

By the way, I-I muthn't forget to mention that since witing the above I m-met those two girls that always laugh when they thee me. One of 'em—the young one—told me, when I was intwoduced to her—in-in confidence, mind—that she had often heard of me and of my *widdles*. Tho you thee I'm getting quite a wepu-tathun that way. The other m-morning, she b-egged me to tell her the latetht thing in widdles. Now, I hadn't heard any mythelf for thome time, tho I couldn't give her any *vewy* gweat novelty but a fwiend of mine made one latht theason which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her "*When ith a jar not a jar?*" Thingularly enough, the moment she heard thith widdle she burtht out laughing behind her pockethandkerchief!

"Good gwacious! what-th the matter?" said I. "Have you ever heard it befaw?"

"Never," she said emphatically, "in *that* form; do, *please*, tell me the answer."

So I told her—

"*When it ith a door!*" Upon which she—she went off again in hystewics. I-I-I never *did* see such a girl for laughing. I *know* it is a good widdle, but I didn't think it would have such an effect as *that*.

By the way Sloper told me afterwards that he thought *he* had heard the widdle before somewhere—but it was put in a different way. He said the way he heard it was:

"*When ith a door not a door?*" and the answer: "*When it ith ajar!*"

I-I've been thinking over the matter lately, and though, I dare thay, it—don't much matter which way the question is put, still—pwaps the last f-form is the betht. It-it seems to me to *wead* better. What do you think?

Awaiting the favour of a weply,
I am, &c., &c.,
Dundreary.

P. S.—Now I weckomember, I made thuch a jolly widdle the other day. I thaw a fellah with a big New-Newfoundland dog, and he inthpired me—the dog you know—not the fellah—he wath a lunatic. I'm keeping the widdle, but I don't mind telling you, Mr. Editor.

"*Why does a dog waggle hith tail?*"

Give it up? I think motht fellahs will give that up!

You thee *the dog waggles hith tail becauth the dog's stwonger than the tail. If he wathn't, the tail would waggle the dog!*

Ye-th—that'th what I call a widdle. If I can only wemollect him I thall athtonish those two girls thome of these days.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Away from the city and out among the hills!

How refreshing it is, and what a blessed, blessed change! We feast our eyes and our hearts upon the pictured page where naught is but purity, and perfectness, and peace, "that passeth understanding"—and we forget the tumult and the toil, the sinning and the sighing of the cities left behind.

Out against the western horizon stand the Adirondacks, whose regular irregularities afford increasing pleasure to the eye, and their tops are crowned with gold.

What process of nature, we wonder, made one top so round and mellow, and covered it with such deep, beautiful foliage, while its nearest neighbor parts the cloud with its crest of ragged rock?

Like a social gathering of giants are they, looking down upon us.

Yonder is a family—a grand old patriarch and his dame, watching over their children, who have slidden away to see themselves in the mirror of the lake. There, two old friends, who, when the world was young, swore eternal allegiance to each other, and are yet content with their choice. And there, too, stands one alone who, with furrowed brow, seems sadly contemplating the great gulf dividing him from his mate, whose back is just visible away off where the sun will sink to sleep when men are weary of their toil.

Lake Champlain—so narrow here as to seem a river rippling in and out among its isle of green—divides the States, each of which has its own mountain guard, ever at their posts, to protect its borders. The thunder's echo from over the tops of the Adirondacks in New York, is thrown back from the sides of the Green Mountains in Vermont—for thus they stand, nearly equidistant from the waters of Champlain.

Not Ethan Allen alone has made these grounds historic. A host of names, familiar to the lovers of our early days' history, are associated with this beautiful country. Within sight of us—just over the white sail of that lazy-going vessel—Abercrombie was defeated, and a board nailed to a tree just back of the old fort tells us that "On this battle field five thousand men were killed."

More than once have these hills resounded with the cannon's roar and the rattle of musketry, and if the waters but retained the grooves cut in them in those days by shot and shell, the lake would look like a sandy plain after a fierce, wild storm.

But, instead, it is

"Placid and peaceful
Braided with bountiful breaths of balm."

And like music in our ears is the dash of Lake George's outlet as it rolls down two hundred and thirty-four feet to mingle with Champlain, seeming a distant Niagara, and heard

"In the wakening and the sleeping,
Forever and forever!"

An hour ago I entered a little room where a tryst was being kept in a sweetly-sacred way.

A table in its centre—decked with rarest flowers—was laid for six, but three of its chairs, reversed, told of

"Folded hands and still lips."

And the handsome, *distingue* captain at its head, in full dress, even to cravat, seemed solemn, as if before him lay the coffins of his dead.

Somebody was singing Auld Lang Syne, and birds flew tamely in and out the low-walled room singing, singing, too!

Afterwards came the captain's speech—which I reproduce from short-hand notes. It was a little home-talk with friends, I think, rather than a made-up-beforehand speech; and often the low-keyed, musical voice trembled, then ceased entirely for an instant, *because his throat had grown too small for it.*

Will you listen to it, as I did?—to the talk—I mean the tender, touching talk?

"Do you remember the scene in Bardwell's dining-room at four o'clock, twenty-three years ago, old chums?

"We were boys, then, and we have been growing older every day ifeach year since, save only on this anniversary when we have taken old Time by the neck and shaken new life into his veins.

"Twenty-three years ago, boys, and Bardwell's table was well filled, and with good things, for six hungry mouths, and six better friends never sat at one table since Mother Eve took her first lesson in horticultural tailoring.

"For two years we had been daily, nightly together. Firm as the Old Guard we had braved every school boy danger; honest as God makes human hearts had ours been, each to the other, and through thick and thin we had been as one, though known to all as 'The Six.'

"Luther Wright said: 'Tread on any one of those sixty toes, and you will have six square-pointed boots leaving their impress on the ampler parts of your breeches quicker than thought.'

"As we entered that dining-room, twenty-three years ago, to take our last meal, do you remember poor Mack saying, 'We have been twenty-four months together, and we are about to part. How many of us will live to keep this feast *twenty-four years?* A year for a month.'

"*He* was the first to go!

"His tall, lean form was but a wrap of coarse paper around a coronet of diamonds. His heart was tender as a maiden's, true as truth, filled always with kindest thoughts for others, and ever watchful for opportunity to do good.

"Good, honest, glorious old Mack! We loved you as a brother, and our hearts grow heavy and sorrowful with the thought that we can meet you no more this side the white caps on the great Gulf Stream dividing our world and yours.

"For eight years *his* chair only rested its back against the table, and then, short, chubby, sparkling, genial Ross took his ride in Charon's boat, and another unturned plate, and another reversed chair told us that four only remained *under* the sun.

"What a bottle of soda water Ross was!

"Much as he *looked* like the *bottle*, he was in heart and spirit more like its contents—quiet enough until the cork was drawn, the occasion at hand, and then effervescing until everybody was intoxicated with delight.

"What stories he told! What wonderful facial expression he had, and how well he knew how to use it!

"That round, bullet head of his could take on any shape, that jovial face give any kind of expression; and whether it was at recitation in convulsing Boss Wright and putting the class in uproar, or in the street the centre of a crowd sure to surround wherever he stopped—if but for a moment—he was ever the soul of the party, and to every circle everywhere, the most welcome addition always.

"If they laugh in heaven, there is many a joyous peal in that part of the celestial choir where Ross picks the strings of his harp.

"Peace, happiness and heaven be to thee, dear old chum!

"During all these years I sat face to face with Burns.

"His great, ebony orbs looked over our table and told me of the clear, calm, high-toned spirit which filled his great form as a hand fills a glove; and if his unkept locks looked like the wild growth on the mountain top, it was because there was—down deep in his heart—the mountain's store of the gold of good faith and good feeling, while his every sense and every finger were so many jumping streams filled with jewels of sympathy, succor, strength and protection.

"He stood among us—like Saul among the Israelites. His voice was husky and hard, but, like a fountain of perfumes, it was the metal pipe through which only kind words, cheerful, heart-lifting words came, all met from the heart reservoir of his life: 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you!'

"The grass has twice been cut from off his grave, and the robin, hatched in the cedar, close by, since he died, feeds its own young now, in the same deep, purple shade.

"But, chums, John Burns is in his chair at the foot of a little table in some dining-room in heaven at this moment, if the souls within us can carry beyond the confines of the tomb the wishes and wills which governed the flesh.

"Farewell old comrade, school-day companion and dear friend of manhood's hours! God be as good to thee in the land above as thou wert to all who came near thee in the land below!

"Brothers, our little orchard of six young trees now numbers but three.

"We were six teeth in the rake of old Time. One-half are broken and gone, now, and yet our fields are not harvested.

"The babe when last we met together is a matron now. Eyes that could tell you a mile away then, wear glasses to read these words, and the evening wind brings to the light many a silver hair.

"The old scythe-carrier is after us. We may evade him and keep out of his swarth—but a few years longer at the longest.

"Who will be the fourth one aloft? What two of us will be alone of our company? Which *one* will stand like an old gnarled oak on a mountain side, sadly overlooking the long valley of the past, with all its flower beds and thistle growths; its green fields and barren hills; its rich meadow pastures, its ledges and its swamps.

"If *my* turn comes before the last, let him say for me—that my heart was true as truth to the memory of days made forever sacred by 'The Six' and that no music ever was, or ever *could* be so sweet in my ear and in my heart as the music of Auld Lang Syne."

Centennial Items.

The *Republique Francaise* (newspaper) offers to give 1,000 francs to a fund for sending delegates to the Centennial.

The State Department has been officially advised that the Parliament of New South Wales has appropriated $35,000 for the representation of that province at the Centennial.

Captain Charles J. Pennell, commanding the Portland Mechanics' Blues, has tendered his company to Governor Hartranft to represent the militia of Maine in this city on July 4th, 1876. The Governor assures him of a hearty welcome.

President Grant, General Babcock, Mr. Algernon Sartoris, and Mr. G. W. Childs left Long Branch on June 18th, and paid a visit to the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia. The President expressed his surprise and gratification at the extent and forwardness of the buildings.

John D. Lankenau, resident chairman of the German Commission, has informed Director-General Goshorn that six hundred German exhibitors will take and fill the entire space allotted to Germany in the Main Building. They will require 6,500 square feet in Machinery Hall, and 15,000 square feet of wall space and 476 feet of floor space in the Art Gallery, for which two hundred German artists will contribute.

A letter received from the President of the Belgium Commission says that they will utilize the space of 17,830 feet allotted them in the main Exposition Building. The amount of space already asked for by Belgian exhibitors will consume the entire amount. In Machinery Hall they require 9,000 square feet, and in the Art Gallery they ask for 8,000 square feet of wall space, and 1,000 square feet of floor space for sculpture and other artistic objects.

The foreign nations that have signified their intention of taking part in the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia are as follows: The Argentine Confederation, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, China, Denmark, Ecuador, Egypt, Algeria and France, Germany, Great Britain, with Australia and Canada, Guatamala and Salvador, Hawaii, Hayti, Honduras, Japan, Liberia, Mexico, Netherland, Nicaragua, Norway, Orange Tree State, Persia, Peru, Portugal, Siam, Spain, Sweden, Tunis, Turkey, United States of Colombia, Venezuela.

For our National Exposition in 1876 the City of Philadelphia has contributed - - - -	$1,500,000
The State of Pennsylvania,	1,000,000
	$2,500,000
This amount will cover the erection of Memorial Hall,	$1,500,000
Of Machinery Hall, - -	500,000
Of Horticultural Hall, -	200,000
	$2,300,000
The amount required for main Exhibition building,	$1,200,000
For Agricultural Hall, -	400,000
For extra expenses, etc., -	2,000,000
	$3,600,000

This will be covered by the Centennial Board of Finance.

Personal Items.

The Jubilee Singers are in London.

Kate Field made $8,000 the first year she lectured.

Mr. Beecher was three-score-and-two on the 24th of June.

John S. Clarke, the American comedian, will spend the summer in France.

Secretary Belknap will next month visit the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone region.

Jeff Davis has accepted the Presidency of the Texas Agricultural College, at $4,000 a year.

Mr. Boucicault will appear in London, at Drury Lane, September 11th, in "The Shaughraun."

Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, clears a profit every working day in the year of $1,000.

General Joseph E. Johnston, of civil war fame, was in congenial company, last week, at the New York Hotel.

Senator Sharon, of Nevada, is one of the largest real estate owners in San Francisco, his property being valued at $7,000,000.

Ex-Governor Parker will be the orator of the day at the unveiling of the New Jersey State monument in the National Cemetery at Beverly, on July 24th.

For the summer, Castine, Maine, will have as residents the poet Longfellow, from Cambridge, Massachusetts; Mark Twain, of Hartford, and Judge Underwood, of Washington.

Governor Hartranft has been chosen by the Welshmen of Pennsylvania to preside at the next celebration of the Eisteddfod, which will take place at Scranton in September.

The Duke of Edinburgh has, it is understood, composed, and in private played, several pieces of his own—solos for the violin and violoncello, and duets for the violin and flute. It is likely they will soon be published to the world.

Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Jersey City, on the last Sunday in May exchanged pulpits with her son, Rev. Howard Alcott Hanaford, who is pastor of St. Paul's Church, in Little Falls, New York. This is the first pastoral exchange on record between mother and son.

Miss Braddon, one of the most sensational as well as successful writers of fiction, is the wife of Mr. Maxwell, the publisher of Shoe Lane, and lives near Blackheath, on the Thames. Gossip, whose words are to be taken with great caution, says that at one time Miss Braddon's imagination became demented through excessive action, and that she had to endure enforced retirement for a term of two years.

Mrs. Henry Wood, the popular and prolific novelist, who is perhaps best known by the story and the play of "East Lynne," and the authoress of "Cast Up By The Sea," now running in our columns by her permission, was born in 1820, and bore in her maiden days the name of Ellen Price. Her father was a leading manufacturer in Worcester, and her husband is connected with the shipping trade. It is said that she has educated her family by her labors with her pen.

THE DISCONTENTED BEE.

An Allegory for Children.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

There was a terrible commotion in the bee-hive. The sentinels at the door-way ceased to fan with their wings, that they might listen; the drones murmured with a hoarse voice; the bees ran in and out in great confusion; the work all stopped, and destruction seemed to reign in this honeyed kingdom. What was the matter? After a great deal of noise and clamor, it was discovered that the bees had brought a criminal before their queen to know what should be done with her. The queen turned round slowly and majestically, as queens should do, and then inquired:

"What is the matter? Why have you brought that young bee before me?"

"Please your majesty, she won't work!"

"Won't work? A bee won't work?"

"No, your majesty, and she is not only idle, but is all the time complaining and finding fault with everybody and everything, and thus she makes the whole hive unhappy!"

"Hebe, is this so? What have you to say?"

"Please, your majesty," whined poor Hebe, "I'm the most unfortunate of all your subjects. The fact is, I'm not handsome! My face is small, and one of my eyes seems to squint; and though I'm an Italian bee, yet my dress is not rich gold, but has a dim leaden look, and my feet are large, and my arms are hairy, and my ears are too large. In short, I'm so plain that nobody ever notices me and I have no admirers, and actually overheard a gentleman say, 'How homely Hebe grows!' Those who are handsome and have admirers can afford to work, but for me, there is nothing but chagrin and mortification!"

"Foolish one!" cried the queen. "Now hear your sentence! You will, I hope, have a long life, even nine moons long! You have already wasted four long bright days. I condemn you to rise at early dawn, to go out at once and wash your face and hands in the dew that gathers in the clematis. Then you are to go from flower to flower and bring in honey sufficient to feed ten young bees. It will take you out twenty-five journeys every day, and require the honey of one hundred flowers each journey."

"Oh, dear!" cried Hebe, "to think of sucking twenty-five hundred flowers every day!"

"Yes, and you must nurse ten young bees all the time, and thus mature one every day on an average, and you must do this during three moons. This is my sentence, and you are not to appear before me till at the end of that period!"

The queen turned away, and the sister bees led poor Hebe to the door of the hive, and pushed her out. At first she was bewildered and cast down. But the sun shone bright, and the birds sang, and the air was filled with her sisters coming and going, flying and singing. So she spread her wings, and away she flew. Away, away she went over fences and trees, till she found a tree of white clover. Then she came down, and to her amazement found it easy to work. In a short time she had drawn from her hundred clover-heads, and then straight back to the hive. In she came singing, and began to feed her young charge. And then off again—morning, noon and night she was coming and going. Her young bees loved her, and sang with her, and went on in company as fast as grown. Sometimes she bathed in the dews of the eglantine or sweet jessamine; sometimes she swung on the raspberry-blossoms, sometimes mounted upon the linden, or the locust full of white flowers, and sometimes on the crest of a lofty tulip-tree, or rushed into the woods fragrant with the honeysuckle. But every day she grew happier. Her songs were now cheerful and loud. She laughed at her former dread of work; and what was curious, just in proportion as she worked *she grew handsome!* The bands that encircled her body became wide and bright like polished gold, her wings shone like leaves of silver. Her eye grew bright, and lost its squint, if it really ever had any. Her feet, kept clear by the morning dew, were in beautiful proportion. In short, there was not a happier or more beautiful bee in the whole hive. Even the lazy drones bowed and hummed admiration as she passed. At the end of her sentence she stood once more before the queen, "Hebe, the beautiful!" as she was then called.

"Ah!" said the queen, "I see how it is. It is a law of God, that she who is willing to work, and to do good to others, shall be happy and grow beautiful by the process. Beauty cast her mantle only on the industrious and the good."

A Place for Everything and Everything in its Place.

Spare no pains to carry this proverb into effect; there can be no such thing as a well ordered household or comfortable home if it is not followed out. Nothing can show a greater want of management, thought, carefulness, than things out of place. In such a house nothing is ever to be found when wanted. The cookery is spoiled because the seasonings are mislaid; one thing has to be used for another; and everything comes to hand except that which is required—a knife is used in place of a screw driver, a fork for a cork screw, the poker for a hammer, and towels for dusters; nothing answers the purpose, and all are injured by being made to serve ends for which they were never intended. All these evils, and, what is still worse, the petty annoyances that they occasion, may be ended by having a place for everything and keeping everything in its place.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power! nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of buildings together; a word, a look, a frown, all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 40 Vol. 51. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

Lady Adelaide stood right under the rays of light from the chandelier, rays that but illumined her great beauty. Never had it been more radiant, for her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her eyes were brilliant with excitement.

"It is scarcely fair to take the house by storm this way, is it, Miss Bordillion? But I believe there was no help for it."

What Miss Bordillion answered, she never knew. Rarely had she been scared so entirely out of her self-possession.

"Would you like tea immediately, Adelaide?" interposed Mr. Lester.

"Oh, yes."

Margaret muttered some half-intelligible words about "telling the servants to bring it," and escaped from the room. But she had not quitted it above a minute when she remembered that there were sundry toys strewn on one of the sofas, which the children had left there when they went to bed, not particularly ornamental to a drawing-room: and she turned back to get them.

She opened the door softly, for she did not care that they should take notice of her re-entrance. The sofa was close at hand, and she thought she could scramble up the things, and escape again. But her footsteps were arrested on the very threshold. Mr. Lester stood with his back to her, his tall form, handsome in its strength, bending over another which he had gathered to him. Her flushed cheek lay on his breast, and he was murmuring endearing words: words of welcome to the house they seemed, for their sense partially struck on Margaret's ear.

Forgetting the toys, closing the door still more softly than she had opened it, Margaret Bordillion sped away, her face gray and stony with its bitter agony. Turning an angle of the hall, into a narrow passage, she met Tiffie, and the French maid, Sophie. Tiffie glanced out of her cunning eyes, and spoke abruptly:

"What ever's the matter, Miss Bordillion? You look as if you'd been shook in the mind. Are you ill, ma'am?"

Miss Bordillion rallied herself. "Ill! why should you think that? I am very well. Mr. Lester is asking for tea, Tiffie."

"To think of this happening as it has?" continued Tiffie, standing right in front of Miss Bordillion, so that the latter could not conveniently pass. "The house not properly set in order, nor anything; but it's not my fault, as her ladyship must know. It's as much as we've been able to do to get her rooms ready for her to-night—leastways, master's rooms, which is the same thing now."

"Has Lady Adelaide come here to remain to-night?" hastily inquired Margaret, more bewildered, more at sea than ever. "Here! in Mr. Lester's house?"

"My lady's come for good, ma'am, come home," responded Tiffie, winking and blinking as if the lamp near her dazzled her eyes, though in reality never taking them off Miss Bordillion's changing countenance. "She and master have just been married in the grand saloon at the castle, and he has brought her home. Sophie's come with her."

The unhappy lady did not faint at the news. She only felt that her face grew more ghastly, and she took a step backward to the wall, and leaned against it.

"Yes," she constrained her dry lips to say, making a poor effort to smile on Sophie.

"You see, miss, my lord's death last night put things about so contrarily," spoke up that demoiselle. "The new lord takes up his abode at the castle to-day, and my lady preferred to leave it. The ceremony was to have taken place this afternoon, but the minister—or what you call your English priests—he was away, and could not be had till evening. She has been dressed as she now is since three o'clock, waiting for him. And they were not quite certain that he could be found before to-morrow."

"And that's what master must have meant, then, when he said he was not sure," resumed Tiffie to Miss Bordillion. "He came home—well, it must have been near four o'clock—and told me about setting his own rooms in order; but I was to hold my tongue about it to everybody in the hall, he said, for he was not yet sure whether they would be required to-night or not, for Lady Adelaide. Fancy, Mam'selle Sophie, the scuffle it put me and the housemaids in!"

Miss Bordillion succeeded in getting by, and gained her own chamber. "Married! married!" seemed to be perpetually ringing in her ears.

The next day, not by her own wish, indeed, in express opposition to it, for she sat in her small sitting-room, and kept the children with her, Miss Bordillion encountered Lady Adelaide. She was whisking through the hall as swiftly as possible, when she came right upon her and Mr. Lester. Lady Adelaide wore no gloves now, and the wedding-ring was fully conspicuous, as her fair hand rested on the arm of her husband. She had resumed her deep-mourning attire.

"Well, Margaret!" gaily cried he. "Where have you been hiding all the morning?"

With as hurried a greeting as she could in politeness give, Miss Bordillion quitted them. But every hour she remained in that house would only be prolonged torture, and ere the day was over a message was despatched to Mr. Lester: "Miss Bordillion requested five minutes' conversation with him."

He went up at once to her sitting-room, and she hurriedly, abruptly, unfolded to him her plans. She would hire of him that small house of his that was vacant, Cliff Cottage, if he would let it her; and there she would take up her abode with Edith. Major Bordillion would be glad that she should take charge of her as a regular thing, and would pay her well. Perhaps he—Mr. Lester—would also let her have Maria: with this help and her own income she could maintain a home.

"Margaret, why?" he inquired. "What urgent motive can you have for thus flying from the hall? Will you not tell it me?"

Tell it him! The painful crimson suffused her face, and then left it pale as marble. Did he suspect the truth, as he gazed upon her emotion? It cannot be said; but an answering rush of red came into and dyed his own face and he uttered not one other word of opposition to her departure.

Cliff Cottage was hastily arranged for occupation, and furnished; and Miss Bordillion, within a fortnight, had taken possession of it, with Edith and Maria. Her home was henceforth to be theirs—at any rate for the present—and she would superintend their education. Another removal—or, it may be more correct to say, change—took place in the same week, in regard to the tenancy of the Sailor's Rest. Hawthorne and his wife quitted it, and Richard Ravensbird entered upon it: for, very much to the surprise of the neighborhood, very much to the inward wrath of Mr. Apperly, who would have to refund the five-pound note, the new peer had accepted Ravensbird as tenant, and declined Mitchel.

"Much good Ravensbird would do in it; he's got no wife!" was one of the dissatisfied comments, gratuitously offered by the busy neighborhood. "Who ever heard of an inn getting along without a missis in it?"

Ravensbird soon rendered nugatory that objection, though whether to satisfy the grumblers or to please himself did not appear. He constituted Sophie its mistress, by making her Mrs. Ravensbird; and Lady Adelaide Lester had to find another maid.

And for some few years after this period no particular changes took place; therefore we need not trace them step by step. After that, changes and events came thick enough.

"There was some one watching us," she breathed. "There! where the trees are thick!"

CHAPTER XI.

SQUIRE LESTER'S HOUSEHOLD — WILFRED.

It was the beginning of September, and stormy weather. Never had a wilder or more ominous day been experienced than the one now passing; never did the sun set with a more angry or lurid glare; the trees were swayed to and fro, as though they could not long withstand the blast; the sea-gulls flew overhead, with their harsh screams; and the waves of the sea were tossing mountains-high in their turbulence—signs that seemed to predict an awful night.

"They will catch it at sea, to-night!" exclaimed Mr. Lester, turning round from the dinner-table, on which the dessert had just been placed, and gazing from the window, as a gust stronger than any swept past.

"I wonder you could shoot in this wind," cried Lady Adelaide, languidly lifting her head, and speaking in a languid tone. "Did you have good sport?"

"Very bad, indeed: the wind, as you say, was against it. Dane, crack shot that he is, only bagged three brace: impossible to take aim with that whirling blast in one's eyes. I don't think I ever felt the wind so high; and the beating up against it has made me dead tired. More walnuts for you, young gentleman!"

"I thought the ponies would have gone over once, on the heights," returned Lady Adelaide. "Georgie, dear, I am sure you have eaten sufficient."

"I have only had a few, mamma," responded Master Georgie, who was sitting in state by Mr. Lester. "Give me some more, papa. And, Maria, just pass me a slice of that cake."

"Did you venture on the heights with the pony-carriage?" uttered Mr. Lester, to his wife, as he dropped a walnut or two into the boy's plate. "Was that prudent, Adelaide, such a day as this?"

"I soon drove them off again, when I found what the wind was," laughed Lady Adelaide. "I did not want a summersault into the sea, ponies, and carriage, and all. You say you are dead tired," she continued, after a pause; "I fancy Ada must also be. What is she doing, Maria?"

Maria Lester looked hastily down at the child on her knee. When the nurse introduced the children, four of them, a few minutes back, Maria had taken up the youngest, Ada, a pretty little girl, between four and five. The child had dropped asleep with a piece of cake in her hands. It was the same Maria Lester whom you once saw a child herself; now twenty years of age.

"I will take her upstairs," said Maria.

"But you have not finished, Maria."

"Thank you, papa; I do not require anything more."

Maria Lester rose, and gently gathered the little girl in her arms, without awaking her. She proceeded upstairs and left her in the nursery with the head nurse.

She then passed into her chamber, and stood before the large cheval-glass while she dressed herself for walking, doing it in a hurried manner, as though she feared being stopped or interrupted. Rarely has a glass given back a sweeter-looking countenance, though it may have done one of more strict beauty. Her features were delicate and clearly defined, the cheeks wearing a healthy, damask flush, and she had soft, dark eyes and silky hair. She was of middle height, or nearly so, of elegant figure, and in manner quiet and graceful. A truly attractive girl was Maria Lester, and gossips premised that she would be marrying early.

Ah! but there were two words to that. Some years before, when Maria was a young child, a relative of her mother's had bequeathed to her fourteen thousand pounds, but it was so left that the interest was to be enjoyed by Mr. Lester until Maria married—not until she was of age, nothing was said about that, but until she married. So that, did Maria remain single till she was an old maid, and her father still lived, he would reap the entire benefit, she none. This money was out on mortgage, at excellent interest, and it brought in Mr. Lester nine hundred a year. For an embarrassed man—and Mr. Lester was that now, for Lady Adelaide's extravagance, and his own weak indulgence to it, had rendered him so—nine hundred a year was an enormous sum to relinquish. Mr. Lester was not a man of large income. His rent-roll produced barely three thousand a year. This money of Maria's made it nearly four, and then it was all told; and they lived at the rate of five. Some thousands, bequeathed to Lady Adelaide by the late Lord Dane, had been spent long ago; altogether, Mr. Lester was now a man of deep perplexity and care, though how deep the neighbors little suspected. Be you very sure that, under such circumstances, neither he nor his wife would be in a hurry to encourage any marriage for Maria. She had only been home about a twelvemonth, that is, to reside; until then she had remained with Miss Bordillion.

And what of Wilfred Lester? A great deal, and most of it very sad, very blamable. Wilfred was becoming, people feared, one of the black sheep of the neighborhood; and yet, he was of that unfortunate class who may be said to be as much sinned against as sinning.

At a proper age a commission had been purchased for him in one of the crack regiments—those whose duty seems chiefly to consist in attending upon her Majesty on state occasions. Careless, good-natured, attractive, and remarkably handsome, he was just the one to be made much of by his brother-officers; never was there a young fellow more popular in the corps than Cornet Lester; and—it is of no use to mince the matter—never was there one who ran more heedlessly into extravagance. Example is contagious, and Cornet Lester suffered himself to be swayed by it—swayed and ruined. Had Mr. Lester made him a better allowance (which, indeed, he ought to have done, or else not have placed him in the regiment), it would still have been swallowed up, though affairs might not have come to a crisis so soon as they did. Wilfred was just twenty-two when he came down to Danesheld, and laid the statement of affairs before his father. Money he must have, a large sum, or else leave the regiment.

Mr. Lester was unable to give it him. It is possible he felt that his son—his eldest son—had not been dealt with precisely as he ought to have been, and it caused him to be lenient now. Wilfred was in debt, dreadfully in debt. He could not return till at least some of it was liquidated, and what was to be done it was difficult to say. Mr. Lester was in worse debt himself, painfully short (he always was, now) of ready money, and could not assist him. One alternative, indeed, there was, and it was suggested by Mr. Lester that Wilfred should sell out, and apply the proceeds of the purchase to the liquidation. Driven by pressing necessity, this alternative was ultimately adopted; but it was a cruel blow to Wilfred Lester. He saw his prospects cut off, his future blighted; and when things were finally settled, and he returned to take up his abode in his father's house, he felt like a blighted man, caring little what became of him. A sore feeling was at his heart; he knew that but for his father's second family, for the high rate of expenditure kept up to please his father's second wife, *he* should not have suffered; and he regarded himself as a sort of sacrifice on the shrine of everything that was unjust.

Lady Adelaide, on her part, regarded Wilfred as an unwelcome interloper. She had never liked him. Excited against him in the first instance by Tiffie (who had deemed it well that her lady's likings and dislikings should be regulated by her own), she had, even as a boy, made his home unpleasant to him, and when he returned for good, Lady Adelaide bore the infliction ill. A tacit, silent sort of antagonism was maintained between them, of which Lady Adelaide from her position of course obtained the best, and Tiffie did not fail to fan the flame. Wilfred occupied himself, listlessly enough, with out-door sports, hunting, shooting, fishing, as the seasons permitted, but he was devoured with ennui, and at length took to passing most of his evenings at Miss Bordillion's.

It was well he did so, at least in one sense, for soon, very soon, the ennui was dissipated. The dispirited, listless young man who had been ready to throw himself into the ponds instead of his fishing-line, and in truth cared little which of the two did go in, was suddenly aroused to life and hope and energy. Far from the present time hanging about his neck like a millstone, it became to him as a sunny Eden, tinged with the softest rapture. The dim, indistinct future, so dark, so visionless to his depressed view, suddenly broke from its clouds, and shone out in colors of the sweetest and rosiest hue, for he had learnt to love Edith Bordillion—not with the unstable, fleeting nature of man's general love, but with a pure, powerful, all-absorbing passion, akin to that felt by woman.

A few months given to dreamy happiness, and then he spoke to Mr. Lester. The appeal perplexed Mr. Lester uncommonly. He could have no objection to Edith; she was of as good family as his son (it may almost be said, of the same), and there was no doubt she would inherit a snug fortune at the colonel's death, for she was his only child. Colonel Bordillion had been in India now for many years, spending little, and making money. What perplexed Mr. Lester was *his* share in the affair. Wilfred, in his eagerness, protested they could live upon nothing—as good as nothing. He did not wish to cripple his father; let him allow them ever so small an income, and they would make it suffice. Edith said they would. Mr. Lester pointed out to Wilfred that what he *could* allow would be very small indeed, but if the colonel would come forward with present help to Edith, he would add what he was able to spare. These statements were drawn out, and particulars written to Colonel Bordillion.

Meanwhile Wilfred and Edith lived on, looking forward to the answer of the colonel, and reveling in the golden visions of dreamland. In due course the reply of the colonel came. It was addressed to Wilfred, and inclosed a short note for Edith.

The colonel would have been delighted with the union, and cordially given them his blessing; nay, he gave it them still, should it be carried out; but of help, of money, he had none to give. The Calcutta Bank, the one in which he had hoarded the savings of years, no inconsiderable sum, had just gone smash, and left him penniless. The public newspapers would supply them with details.

Wilfred put up the letter, and sat on, buried in a gloomy reverie; Edith sat opposite to him, not weeping, but looking much inclined for it. The letter had come in by the evening's post addressed to him at Miss Bordillion's, and it happened that they had received it alone, for that lady was out.

"I have decided what we must do," Wilfred said, after a while. "Edith, you were—you are—to be my wife; will you be guided by me in this business?"

"Of course I will," she answered.

"And you would not like—after all our fond hopes and plans—that we should be separated forever?"

A passing shiver, and a faint answer.

"No, I should not."

"Then, my darling, before this week is over, you must be mine."

She looked up with a start of surprise, thinking he was jesting.

"We must be married privately, and declare the fact after it is over. Otherwise nothing in the world will prevent their separating us; I foresee it. Don't look scared, Edith; it will all come right in the end. Say no thing yet about this news."

"But how are we to live?"

"My father, when he knows we are married, will allow us something, and we must economize till brighter days turn up. Shall you be afraid of it?"

"Not of the economizing. But——"

Wilfred stopped her; he deemed it more politic to drown objections than to combat them. And he managed, wonderful to say, to obtain her consent to the plan.

It was strange that he should be able to do so; but far more strange was it, that Tiffie obtained an inkling of what was going forward. She poked, she pried, she ferreted; it was her daily habit; and in ordinary cases no wonder that she succeeded in unearthing secrets, though how she managed to scent this one, was in truth a marvel. The very day before that fixed for uniting them—and no soul knew of it, as they believed, but themselves—Tiffie went mincing into Lady Adelaide's room, her hands meekly folded, and the whites of her eyes turned up.

"Oh, my lady! such dreadful inhiquerty that has come to my knowledge! I have been turned upside down to think how you and dear master's being deceived."

"What is the matter now?" asked Lady Adelaide.

"Them two mean-spirited weasils are going to get married on the sly. I mean Mr. Wilfred and his sweetheart," added Tiffie, perceiving her lady's puzzled look. "Without saying a syllible, or letting any soul know it, my lady, they are going to ignite themselves together in secret till death do them part."

"But why in secret?" demanded the amazed Lady Adelaide. "They are to be married when news arrives from the colonel, and it is expected daily. There is no motive, no inducement for them to do in secret what they may soon do openly. You must have found a mare's nest for once, Tiffie."

"My lady—craving your parding—are the nestesses I find ever mare's nestesses?" responded Tiffie. "I know my place, and what's due to your ladyship too well, I hope, to bring you tales of news that could turn into mare's nestesses. They have got quite motive enough—let them alone for that, and the motive is, my lady, that they *have* heard from Injia, and the colonel can't help them by as much as a shilling a year, for he has lost every iotar of his fortune. The place where it was kept has gone bankript, my lady."

"Is this true?" uttered Lady Adelaide.

"It's gospial true," returned Tiffie. "And those two sly ones, thinking there's no chance now of Mr. Lester's consint, are going to take French leave, and marry without it. I can't quite come at the precise time it's to be, but I'm sure many days won't go over first."

"How did you come at it at all?" interrupted Lady Adelaide. "How do you come at things?"

Tiffie's countenance became very innocent.

"I keep my eyes and ears open, my lady."

"You must listen at doors, and behind hedges, Tiffie."

"My lady, whatever I do, it's out of regard to your ladyship—that you should not be hoodwinked by designing serpints. And I tell you for a truth, and you may believe me with confardince, that he's going to convert that girl into Mrs. Wilfred."

Lady Adelaide laughed—a laugh that sounded more like derision than mirth.

"That is soon stopped," she said. "Give me that shawl, Tiffie."

She was throwing a shawl over her shoulders, to proceed to the dressing-room of Mr. Lester—for he, like herself, was dressing for dinner—when Tiffie placed herself in her way, and spoke demurely:

"If I might venture to segest to you, my lady, I'd just let 'em do it, and I'd not stop 'em. If it comes to Mr. Wilfred begging consent of his father, there's no answering but he may get it, and a yearly allowance with it. But when master finds out that they have gone and done it of themselves, in defiance of him, as may be said, then the fat 'll be in the fire. Master won't look at 'em, or give 'em a farthing, and it 'll be exactly what they deserve."

Lady Adelaide, it must be presumed, found this advice good, for she kept the tidings to herself, and let things take their course. The consequence was precisely what Tiffie had suggested. Wilfred married, and—to borrow her own words—the fat *was* in the fire. In no measured degree, either. Wilfred proposed telling his father in the course of a few days after the event, but Lady Adelaide forestalled him, and her manner of imparting the news was in the highest degree calculated to anger and inflame Mr. Lester. A furious interview succeeded between father and son. And Mr. Lester cast him off, declaring that he should never have assistance from him during his own life, nor would he leave it him after death.

"And that's glorious news," cried Tiffie, to her mistress; "worth a choris of hallelugiers. It's my ladyship's own dear child, Master George, that will inherit, as is but right he should."

"Nonsense, Tiffie!"

But Tiffie saw the beaming look of satisfaction which, in spite of the "nonsense," overspread the features of Lady Adelaide at the suggestion.

Months had elapsed now since the marriage, nearly twelve, which brings us to Maria Lester dressing herself for her evening walk. As she turned from the glass, she stood for a moment at the window contemplating the weather, listening to the howling wind.

"It is certainly an unusually boisterous evening," she soliloquized, "but I would rather encounter it than remain at home to meet Lord Dane." With that, she descended to the hall, and as she crossed it she addressed a man-servant:

"James, should I be inquired for in the drawing-room, say that I have gone to take tea with Miss Bordillion."

CHAPTER XII.

SHAD.

Scarcely had Lady Adelaide reached the drawing-room, Mr. Lester lingering still at the dessert-table, when Lord Dane was announced. He had altered far more than Lady Adelaide. Could it be, that that tall, stern man, with the gray hair mixing with his luxuriant locks, was the former slender stripling, Geoffry Herbert Dane? His age was but eight-and-thirty yet, but he looked older than his years. Handsome he was still, and handsome he ever would be, for he had the prominent, well shaped features of the Dane family, but there was a fixed expression of care upon his brow. High in position, wealthy in means, possessed of all the extraneous accessories to make life happy, one might wonder how the care got there—like the flies in amber.

Lady Adelaide stood in her evening dress of white brocaded silk, jewels in her hair, on her neck, on her fair arms. Highly extravagant was she in her attire, as the family income knew to its cost; but dress she would, and dress she did. As Lord Dane greeted her, he could not help thinking how little she was changed; charming and attractive did she look, almost as much so as when she was his young love.

"What a terrible night!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is blowing great guns," replied Lord Dane. "I hope there will be no disasters at sea."

"Did you come on foot?"

"On foot! This little way! oh, yes," he laughed.

"Nay, not for the distance," she said. "I was thinking of the weather."

"I have become inured to that, whatever it may be, my nine years' travel did that good service for me."

"I cannot imagine what attraction you could have found, to keep you so many years. And you never remained long in one place, you say."

"No. I went everywhere, everywhere in Europe, not out of it. By the way, though, yes, I did go out of it, for I explored Turkey in Asia."

"And your attraction, I ask, Lord Dane!"

"I had none. The very restlessness would imply the want of that. I have found that since my return. It is here, at home."

She lifted her eyes inquiringly towards his.

"An attraction that, when a consciousness first dawned over my spirit, I strove to combat; but the more I strove, the less would it take its departure. I believe I have no resources but to yield to it. Adelaide—forgive me, that I speak to you in the familiar terms of former years—will you be my advocate? will you hear me with favor?"

He spoke in the low, tender tone that had once been as the sweetest music to her ear—he took her hand in his pleading earnest. Will you excuse Lady Adelaide for the error she fell into? remembering old days, it was perhaps a natural one. She thought he was pleading for *her* favor; not for her influence with another. A crimson blush overspread her face; but it was succeeded by a deadly paleness.

"Have you forgotten who I am?" she asked, in a low, proud tone, not so much in resentment, but as though she thought he really had forgotten it. "You forget yourself, Lord Dane; I am the wife of Mr. Lester; the mother of his children."

Lord Dane released her hand, and broke out into a half laugh; its derision was not so wholly suppressed, but that it jarred on the ear of Lady Adelaide.

"You threw me away when you married Mr. Lester, Lady Adelaide, and I fully understood that I was thrown away forever. I have not allowed myself to contemplate it in any other aspect. I ask you ten thousand pardons for having expressed myself badly, which I conclude I must have done. The attraction I alluded to, as drawing me to this house, is Maria Lester."

A burning, passionate suffusion of shame dyed the brow of Lady Adelaide. Never did woman fall into a more awkward or humiliating error. She could have struck herself; she could have struck Lord Dane; she opened her lips to speak, but no appropriate words would come—none that would not make the matter worse. That Lord Dane should enjoy her confusion was but natural; perhaps he felt half repaid for what she had made him suffer in days gone by.

"I have led a roving life long enough," he continued, in a calm, matter-of-course tone, assumed possibly to put her at ease; "and it is time I settle down. I did not think it could have escaped your observation that I have been striving to win Miss Lester. I never met with any one I so thoroughly esteemed," he emphatically added; "and my motive in speaking to you is, to crave your influence with Mr. Lester that he will allow me to make her Lady Dane."

That Lord Dane had been marked in his attention to Maria had certainly not eluded the observation of Lady Adelaide, and a suspicion had crossed her mind that it might bear a serious meaning. How was it, then, that she had forgotten this, and jumped to that other idea, touching herself? Her face burnt still. But she essayed to turn it off defiantly, and threw back her head with a haughty gesture.

"Why do you not apply to Mr. Lester yourself, Lord Dane?"

"Because I prefer to apply, in the first instance, to you," he answered, in a courteous tone, as he took a seat near her. "I would ask it of your kindness to intercede with Mr. Lester. It has been told to me that he will not regard favorably any suitor for the hand of his daughter."

What was Lady Adelaide to reply to this? Mr. Lester would have no objection in the abstract to Maria's marrying; Lady Adelaide, on her part, would have been glad to see the day that removed her from the hall; but what they both did object to, and would find most inconvenient, was the resigning nine hundred a year. In short, they were unable to resign it, and the only alternative was, to keep Maria. Lord Dane, however, could dive into motives as quickly as most men, and he had formed his resolution.

"I scarcely need mention that, in seeking Miss Lester for my wife, I seek *but* her," he resumed. "There is, it occurs to me that I have heard, some trifling, paltry income that was bequeathed to go with Maria when she marries, but the large revenues of the Dane estate, the settlements I am enabled to offer, preclude the necessity of her bringing money to add to them. Will you, dear Lady Adelaide, tell Mr. Lester that I wish to take Maria alone; that any little fortune of hers I shall beg him to retain."

"But why not tell him yourself?" repeated Lady Adelaide in a far more gracious tone.

"Mr. Lester is a man sensitive on pecuniary matters," smiled Lord Dane, "and will receive that part of the communication better from you than from me. Legal arrangements, of course, can be called in to bind the bargain. May I count upon your interest with Maria?"

Some stifling weight seemed to oppress her, and she made no immediate reply. She rose from her seat, in agitation that she could not wholly hide, walked to the window, and drawing aside the blind, stood looking out on the boisterous night. Lord Dane watched her. Was her strange manner caused by any lingering tenderness for him on her own part? He could not think that; but he wondered, and he fell to speculating on its cause. Lady Adelaide came back, and interrupted him.

"I prefer to remain neutral in this affair, Lord Dane," she said. "I will not second your efforts to gain Miss Lester, but I will not impede them. All I can do is to repeat to Mr. Lester, impartially, what you have said, and then the matter must progress, or the contrary, unbiased, uninterfered with by me."

"You will not be against me with Maria?"

"I have said I will not. I shall remain wholly and entirely neutral."

Lord Dane bowed.

"She is at home, I presume."

"Yes," replied Lady Adelaide, ringing the bell. "Tell Miss Lester that the tea is coming in," she said, to the man who answered it.

"Miss Lester has gone out, my lady."

"Out! This turbulent night!"

"She has gone out this half-hour, my lady. She is taking tea at Miss Bordillion's."

"Maria does do things that nobody else would think of," observed Lady Adelaide to Lord Dane, and at that moment Mr. Lester entered.

And now to follow Maria. As she sped along from the hall, the wind nearly took her off her feet, but she kept up bravely, and laughed as she laid hold of objects to steady herself by. By the road, Miss Bordillion's house was about ten-minutes' walk from her own house; but there was a path through the wood, half as long again: a quarter of an hour say, it would take her that way, and Maria chose it as being the most sheltered.

The shades of evening were drawing on apace, and the wood struck a gloom upon her as she turned into it. There the wind did not impede her; though, as it moaned and shrieked overhead, and shook the trees to their very centre, imparting a weird-like, ghastly loneliness to the scene, Maria began thinking of the supernatural stories she had read of the old German forests; and as some object suddenly struck out from the trees, and stood in her path, she positively could not suppress a scream. The next moment, however, she was laughing.

"How stupid I am. But you should not have startled me, Wilfred."

A tall, slender young man of four-and-twenty, wearing a shooting-coat and carrying a gun in his hand, whose face was almost delicately beautiful, and his dark-blue eyes, deeply set, were shaded by long, black lashes. His forehead was broad and white, and his hair was black, like the lashes. Such was Wilfred Lester.

"I did not intend to startle you, Maria; who was to think you would be in the wood to-night?" he said as he turned to walk beside her. "Where are you off to?"

"Miss Bordillion's. How—how—is Edith?" she added, with much hesitation.

"What! I suppose it is high treason even to inquire after her," returned he, noting the timid tone. "Have they forbidden you even her name? Come, Maria, confess; you can't say more than I guess; perhaps not so much."

"Something very like it," she replied. "Of course. Perhaps they have interdicted your speaking to me, if we happen to meet?" he pursued.

"No, Wilfred. They have not done that yet."

"Yet! That's to be the next thing. I suppose you live in daily expectation of it."

"How are you getting on?" she returned, evading his question. "Is Edith better?"

"We are not getting on at all, Maria; unless going backwards is getting on. It's backwards with us, generally, and backwards with Edith."

"Is she not getting strong?"

"No, and she never will, and never can, while things are as they are. If there's Justice in heaven——"

"Hush, Wilfred! It will do no good."

"And no harm—but have it as you like. You have not answered my question, Maria. I say you live in expectation of an order to pass me when we meet. Is it not so?"

"Should it come, Wilfred, it will be partially your own fault."

"No doubt of it. I am all in fault, and they are all in the right. But I did not expect to hear *you* say it!"

"You are too petulant with me without a cause, Wilfred," she said, turning her kind face upon him full of anxious expression. "You know that I care for you more than I do for any one in the world. Even papa, I am not sure that I love and care for as I do for you," she added in a tone of apology, "if it be not wicked to say it. But I have not seen much of him of late years, and——"

"And he has been so exclusively occupied with his lady-wife, with his children, to the neglect of us, that it would be little wonder if all your love for him had faded and died," interrupted Wilfred Lester. "Speak the truth out fearlessly, Maria: Do you deem that, under such circumstances, they have a right to forbid our intercourse? I speak of you and myself," he added, dashing his hair from his brow, "not of Edith."

"If they did forbid it, I am not sure that I should obey," she steadily answered. "I have debated the point with myself much lately, and I cannot tell what would be my course of action. I hope it will not be put to the proof. But I repeat that it will be partly your fault if it comes. What are these tales that are going about respecting you?" she asked, lowering her voice.

"Tales!" uttered Wilfred.

"That you are taking to ill-courses—to poaching for game and fish—to stealing out at night with evil men! Wilfred," she shivered, "you know of the attack on Lord Dane's keeper?"

"I should think all the world, for ten miles round, knew of that," returned he, carelessly. "Well?"

"They say that—that you were one of them, disguised."

"Oh, they do, do they! Give a dog a bad name, and hang him! I wonder they did not bring in my wife as well, and say she accompanied me. Who carried this precious news to you, Maria?"

"I don't know how it reached the hall; I was too sick and terrified to inquire; I have some idea it was through Tiffie,—that she communicated it to Lady Adelaide. Papa walked into his own room when it was told to him, and I saw him shaking like a leaf. Wilfred, I know you are forbidden the hall, but, accused of such a crime, you should brave the mandate. Go into my father's presence and deny it, that is, if you can deny it."

"If I can deny it! What do you mean, Maria? Do you think I go out by night to murder gamekeepers?"

"Then you will, for once, come to the hall and disclaim it," she eagerly said.

"No. If I did commit murder, it would be my father and his wife who have driven me to it; let them enjoy the doubt as they best may."

"But, Wilfred, is it true that you go out poaching?"

"If poaching! How has your mind been thus poisoned against me? I have my game license."

"But they talk—they talk of gins and snares," she whispered; "of the entrapping game, wholesale, to — Wilfred! what's that?"

The hasty, startled tone in which the last words were uttered, caused Wilfred Lester to lift his head and peer around him. He saw nothing.

"There was some one watching us," she breathed. "There; where the trees are thick. How strange!"

"It must have been your fancy, Maria. Who would be likely to watch us? To what end?"

"I am quite certain it was not fancy. I saw a face bending towards us, trying as it seemed, to hear what we were saying. I was not quite sure at first, and I looked steadfastly, and then it moved away. It seemed about the height of a boy, and it was like a boy's face. Wilfred, you need not doubt me."

Wilfred Lester strode to the spot indicated, and pressed through the trees. Not any creature was in sight, human or inhuman, but there was a narrow path striking off farther into the wood, favorable to escape.

"Some wandering thief of a youngster, come to hunt if there might be a stray patridge dropped," he remarked. "The sight of us has scared him away."

"What his motive may have been, or what he came for, I know not; but there he certainly was, and watching," said Maria.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PARIS ROBBERY.

The Clever Game of an English Lady and Gentleman.

A London paper says: A few days ago a Parisian jeweler was a victim of a robbery to the amount of 106,000 francs, organized with rare audacity and persistency. A week or so ago a well-dressed gentleman, accompanied by a young and handsome lady, very elegant and very shy, followed by an irreproachably attired man-servant, installed themselves in apartments on the *entresol* of an apparently very respectable house in the Avenue d'Eylau. The room was completely furnished; the rent (650 francs a month) paid in advance, and they were let for two months. The gentleman, lady, and servant affected a marked English accent. They brought with them numerous trunks, conducting themselves as if they meant to make a long stay. Monsieur and Madame went out a good deal. Shopmen almost every day brought articles which they had bought and paid cash for. Among these was a jeweler's employe, who brought something or other nearly every day, sometimes a ring, at other times earrings, studs, pins, etc.

The *concierge* was more and more deferential to his wealthy tenants. He calculated that within a week they must have spent about 8,000 francs. The jeweler alone had supplied them with articles worth 6,000 francs. As, however, the old servant, with his large blonde whiskers and prepossessing air, always stood at the door, as soon as a shopman arrived he politely conducted him to the *entresol* so as to save people the trouble of accosting the *concierge*. Thanks to this the tradesmen—above all the jeweller—did not know but that their customers occupied rooms furnished by themselves. A few days ago Monsieur and Madam treated for a set of diamonds, for which the jeweler asked 112,000 francs, and for which they offered him 100,000 francs. After several visits Monsieur called and offered 106,000 francs, which was accepted. He wished to surprise Madame by giving the extra 6,000 francs, for she was ill, and he asked the jeweler to send the casket and bill to the Avenue d'Eylau. When the shopman arrived the servant was at the door, and hastened to usher him to the *entresol*. Monsieur was in the drawing-room, which bore traces of Madame having been in it. An old shawl was thrown on a chair, a workbasket was placed near the window, and on a table in the corner bundles, apparently of bank notes, were in readiness for settling the bill.

The shopman entered. Monsieur took the casket, and then begging the shopman to wait, carried it to Madam, who was in bed. The shopman waited, looking through two or three amusing newspapers which were on a table beside the couch on which he had been directed to sit. The reading entertained him, but after glancing over the three papers he raised his eyes, and looking at the timepiece he perceived that it was motionless. Seized with a vague uneasiness, he took out his watch. He had been waiting three-quarters of an hour. He instinctively rushed to the table containing the bank notes. He began to count them, but perceived that they were only prospectuses. He hurried to the door leading to Madame's room; it was locked. He went from one door of the drawing room to the other; all were locked. He tried to ring. The bell-pull fell off into his hand. He opened the window and called the *concierge*. The *concierge* had been sent to the Boulevard Malesherbes by the incomparable domestic to get a portmanteau repaired, and his lodge was intrusted to a little girl. He leaned over to the street, perspiration on his face, and his countenance distorted by the fear of how matters stood; he gesticulated, he cried "*Je suis volé! Je suis volé!*" Passersby looked up at him, took him for a lunatic, and laughed.

There was nothing to be done but to wait for the *concierge's* return. Three-quarters of an hour elapsed before the *concierge* arrived. The stairs were ascended with some precaution, the unfortunate man was found locked in, and no longer knowing what he said. A thorough search was made. The occupants had disappeared. The neighbors saw them quietly going out with boxes under their arms, bowing politely, and getting into a cab waiting at the corner. They had been gone two hours. The police commissary of the district was sent for, put his questions, and sealed up the apartments. They were inspected this afternoon. Trunks were found entirely empty, and a little dirty linen without any mark; in a closet there was a man's hat, without any hatter's address, some false light chestnut tufts of hair, two or three pairs of whiskers of various shades, a beggar's dress, a workman's ditto, a lady's old dress, an old shawl, carpeting, and the famous bundles of bank notes. Everything else had disappeared, and the unfortunate jeweler swells the list of victims of his class to similar enterprises.

"HARD WORK."—It is the pursuit followed without interest that weighs down the most elastic mind. It is the wearisome music lesson, toiled over by the scholar with neither taste nor ear; the drudgery of committing to memory long lists of names, which to the learner are only names; the prosing geographical lesson, where the most interesting scenes call up no pictures for the imagination to dwell upon; the historical lecture, where, instead of living and breathing men and women, the student is cheated with the mere dry bones of some historical epitome. These constitute "hard work"—the useless hard work "that frets and injures the fine texture of the brain," and which, as high medical authority has told us, is the case with all wearisome, toilsome, lengthened mental labor.

LOVE'S ARROW.

As Love lay asleep 'mid the roses one day,
There came a wee maiden lightly tripping that way.
His blue eyes were closed, and he saw not the maid,
As softly she laughed, in the blossoming glade.

She filled the bright cup of the lily with dew
And sought for the place where the daffodils grew.
She plucked the bright pansies and mignonette sweet,
And cast them all down o'er his small dimpled feet.

Then, laughing with joy that his eyes were still closed,
She turned from the moss where the baby reposed,
When quickly she spied, in the grass, bending low,
The arrows of Love, with his quiver and bow.

She sped like a deer to the babbling stream,
Where softly it crept, 'neath the midsummer beam.
The arrows it bore far away to the west,
While Love was asleep on the rose's sweet breast.

Love woke with a start, for a bird told his loss;
He leaped, with a cry, from the roses and moss,
One arrow was left, that he shook at the maid,
Who fled in affright through the blossoming glade.

The years had crept on, and Love, biding his time,
Had gathered the sweets of the sunniest clime,
And, resting again, 'neath the willow's deep shade,
He saw, 'mid the roses, the mischievous maid.

Love laughed, as he quick drew the arrow she left,
And mockingly said, as her bosom it cleft:
"When next you play tricks, as young Love is asleep,
Be sure, pretty maid, all his arrows you keep."

A MATRIMONIAL CONTROVERSY.

BY ADA WILDE.

In an elegantly-arranged breakfast parlor, with the aroma of fragrant Mocha mingled with the perfume of flowers, a couple were sitting, engaged in animated conversation.

"Betsy," said Mr. Snooks, with frowning brow, "who was that gentleman I saw you perambulating Arch street with yesterday?"

"What gentleman? I was not on the street yesterday."

"You were," said Snooks, deliberately.

"I was not," returned Mrs. S., firmly.

Snooks contemplated his refractory wife in silence for a moment, then said, with marked emphasis:

"I believe all I *see* and half I *hear*."

"But at times you see *double* you know," retorted Mrs. S., quietly.

Snooks thought of the maxim "speech is silver, but silence is golden."

Mrs. S. saw her advantage, and pushed it.

"Snooks, it was just two o'clock when you came in last night, or this morning, rather. What have you to say for yourself, sir?"

"We are wandering from the subject," answered Snooks, with admirable gravity. "I ask you again, who——"

"And," put in Mrs. S., hastily, "when I suggested you had better remove your boots before retiring, you said I was a fool!"

"Did I?" asked Snooks, penitently; "then I must have been——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Mrs. S., wiping her eyes with a napkin—utterly unconscious of the act—"my dear papa used to say nothing brought out the true principles or thoughts of man more effectually than liquor."

"Hit the mark that time, Mrs. Snooks. Did your lamented relative ever express an opinion as to the reason sweet, innocent little know-nothings generally develop into strong-minded, disagreeable wives?"

"No," returned Mrs. S., with asperity; "he knew it was an established fact, that by marriage 'two becomes one,' and that a wife is but the reflection of her husband!"

"Are you personal in your remarks, madam?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we had better separate; and I will give you six feet of my reasons why."

Mr. Snooks arose, and stood in the full glory of his lofty manhood. Never had he looked such a Samson—so warlike—to frightened little Mrs. Snooks.

"Madam, I—I——"

"Oh, oh," sobbed Mrs. Snooks, "I don't care for myself, but our innocent child; our precious Shakspeare; I named him to please you, oh! ho! ho!"

Snooks was touched; that child was the pride of his life. He sat down.

"A happy thought, madam—the child. For his sake I will bear with your temper; thank heaven he is all Snooks, no Brooks there!"

"No such thing," flashed Mrs. S., indignantly; "he hasn't the Snook nose, nor the Snook eyes. Snook, indeed!"

"What ails the Snook eyes, madam? Why, even phrenologists dwell upon the expression of those very eyes!"

"Bother phrenology," said Mrs. S., irreverently; "if the man didn't tell you, he ought to have done, that they resemble green gooseberries floating in a saucer of milk; and that like Sim Tappertit's legs, 'they are of no consequence to any one but the owner.'"

"Thank you. Then you never liked to gaze into them?" asked Snooks, tauntingly.

"Yes; but I had a reason."

"I beg you would name it."

"I would rather not."

"But I *insist*, madam!"

"Well, about that time, if you remember, a mesmerist gave a series of lectures. He drew illustrations of various kinds among the mules, and the effect produced; I had a great desire to test his wisdom. Father owned one mule, but it was blind; I thought you might answer, and found to my present sorrow that—that——"

"I was blind but can now see," quoted Snooks. "And now, madam, if you have finished your very complimentary remarks, I shall be pleased if you will inform me who you were walk——"

"Bend down your head, Snooks," interposed Mrs. S., quickly; "well, if your hair doesn't look perfectly awful, that dreadful cow-lick! what bristly hair you have!"

"Not pinned on, any way," said Snooks, sulkily.

"I appreciate your sarcasm, sir. Before I was married, before I undertook the responsibilities of a wife's thrice drugged portion of 'care and anguish,' I had the finest suit of hair imaginable. I confess I now wear plaits and curls not original, and am perfectly indifferent as to who knows it, so there."

"Perfectly indifferent, are you," grinned Snooks. "Well, when the alarm of fire was given the other night, hel! hel! what did you go for first, hel! hel!"

"Shakspeare, of course," said Mrs. S., flushing hotly; "but you are one of those nosey, prying men, Snooks, who always see more than they ought; but, then, that is characteristic of the Snookses."

"Mrs. Snooks, will you be kind enough to avoid all mention of my family. Remember, when you abuse my relations, you abuse me; and let me give you a small piece of advice, if you don't care to retain my love, at all events retain my respect!" Mr. Snooks spoke warningly.

Mrs. S. was scared. Visions of court and lawyers floated before her, terrible objects to a woman of her economical turn of mind. The very canary seemed to be singing divorce! divorce! Mrs. S. was a Christian woman. She believed in "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Snooks riled her dreadfully sometimes, but as for parting—never!

Her visible agitation affected Snooks, peculiarly. He wasn't a man who delighted in a woman's grief, or war of words. Yet, though not a vain man, he prided himself upon his domestic government. Harey couldn't have beat it, he whispered to himself.

"Is it too rare, my dear?" innocently asked Mrs. S. She meant the steak.

"Ah, no—she—I mean yes!" stammered Snooks.

Mrs. S. rallied. "How beautifully your moustache is growing, Snooks, dear."

"Yes," said Mr. S., with evident pride; "pretty extensively laid out, isn't it, love?"

"And not very thickly cultivated," Mrs. S. was going to remark; but she suddenly remembered that she wanted "five-twenties" off Snooks that morning; so she gave an ecstatic ah! accompanied by a look of such inexpressible longing, that brought Snooks to her side in a second. But it was a well bred canary, and it made no mention of what occurred.

Snooks resumed his seat, and Mrs. S. rang for hot coffee—and for a time all was serene.

"I'm going shopping this morning, Snooks."

"I don't care," rejoined that gentleman, indifferently.

"What time shall I call at the office, dear?" said Mrs. Snooks, sweetly, and with a tender glance.

"I wouldn't call; *I* won't be in," said Snooks, knowingly. "Now, if it had been yesterday morning—by the way, who did you say you were with yesterday?"

Mrs. S. pouted, and toyed with her spoon.

"Betsy," said Mr. Snooks, uneasily, "you know my opinion of a married flirt?"

"And you know mine," smiled Mrs. Snooks, tormentingly.

"Madame, I merely walked with Mrs. Conway from the cars to her door; it was storming fearfully; as a man and a gentleman, I shielded her to the utmost of my ability, under the sheltering canopy of my umbrella."

"Oh, yes," sneered Mrs. Snooks, "you are a model of perfection and gallantry! you are, Snooks; but I'm inclined to think that, like some others, you preach cream, and practice skim-milk."

"Mrs. Snooks, have your words a meaning?"

"I presume so; I am considered a woman of sense, if not *taste*."

"By heaven, that's too bad," said Snooks, walking the floor excitedly. "Tell me, madam, the name of the villain, and ere the setting sun illuminates——"

"Don't be a fool, Snooks," interrupted Mrs. S., composedly. "You should have been an actor; the profession has lost a star."

"Zounds, madam! You are an aggravating, outrageous—but I will say no more; I leave you to your conscience. I have proved a faithful friend, a devoted lover, and a loving husband; and *I* will remain "faithful unto death."

Mrs. S. said nothing; but at the corners of her mouth were discoverable a thousand dimpled graces, like small, convulsive fibres, which a restrained smile had sent there.

Snooks moved towards the door. "Have you any request to make, Betsy?" Snooks spoke solemnly.

"I would like some money, about ten o'clock," said that lady, graciously.

Snooks leaned against the door for support; he shook—no it was the door—some one was making vigorous efforts to effect an *entree*.

"Please let me in?" piped a musical voice, "I want my breakfast."

Snooks stepped aside, and the next moment a bright, dashing damsel had him by both hands, and was loud in her expressions of delight at seeing him.

"Your sister Rachel," gasped Snooks, looking at his beaming wife.

"Of course," said Miss Rachel, merrily; "who else! I saw you yesterday morning, but Mr. Hastings (she eyed the carpet) was in a hurry, so I was obliged to postpone the pleasure of this meeting."

Light dawned upon the beclouded faculties of Snooks. He embraced Rachel, he embraced his wife; and gave them both a cordial invitation to call at his office as suited their convenience; and was next heard from romping with the heir of the house of Snooks, and singing more loudly than melodiously:

"The lords of creation men we call,
And say they rule; all—all.
But they find after all whatever they do,
They are under woman's control—ole—ole,
They are under woman's control!"

DUTCH HOUSEWIVES.—Irving, in his admirable "Knickerbocker," gives the following graphic description of the industrious habits of the Dutch housewives in the olden times of New York city: "The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged in without control. In this sacred apartment, no one was permitted to enter except the mistress and her confidential maid, who entered it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutedly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids with a broom, after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up, until the revolution of time again brought round the weekly cleaning day."

FACETIÆ

COSTLY FURNITURE.—Indian bureaus.

THE rival railroads will soon be issuing chromos.

THE END OF EVERYTHING.—The letter "g."

THE STAMP OF CIVILIZATION.—The postage stamp.

A SCHENECTADY girl at spelling school sat down on "pantaloons."

AT a recent spelling match one man spelt it "paanip" and got beet.

WHY IS THE WORLD LIKE A PIANO? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

ONE swallow does not make a spring, but a dozen swallows sometimes make one fall.

NOW that they have horse cars in Rome, we shall shortly expect to hear that the Roman punch has also been introduced for conductors in that city.

"COME and meet me in the gloaming, John," she wrote, and when the time came John wasn't there. He subsequently explained that he couldn't find such a place.

HORRIBLE SOUP.—A curious misprint appears in a recently published volume of poems. The passage in which it occurs reads as follows:

Stagnant green,
Stewed with the bones of lovers that have been.

For "stewed" read "strewed."

A FRENCH gentleman who was showing an American friend through Paris, said:

"I suppose in America you do not have many statues of the founders of your country?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of them," replied the American. "There is one in front of nearly every cigar store in the land."

The Frenchman was naturally amazed.

NO man can tell another's feeling. A stalwart Irish laborer was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said laborer. The laborer had enforced his plea with, "Yer banner, I can't work." "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's thrue for ye," replied Pat; "but then yer banner can't tell how lazy I feel."

SEA HONEYMOONS.—Amid the numerous departures for Europe by the steamers, are an unusual aggregation of brides and bridegrooms. It seems to us that a honeymoon on the ocean is not exactly the romantic thing it may be imagined. Sea sickness, like death, is no respecter of persons, and a lovely woman doing homage to Neptune over a state-room wash-bowl, cannot be an entrancing picture for even a week-old husband to contemplate. As for "hubby" murmuring "Y-o-r-r-i-o-k!" over the ship's bulwarks, a sick kitten is nothing in comparison. The sea is no place for bridal parties. Wedded couples find out each other's deficits soon enough, without having them all grotesquely exaggerated in advance by the prostrating fickleness of the sea.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Phila.]

ENIGMAS.

1.

A word of five letters, do tell me, I pray,
It need not long trouble your brain,
If you take the two first of these letters away,
Then one, only one will remain.
From what I have said, it will soon be inferred
That this must indeed be a remarkable word,
It exhibits a character useful to none,
And points out a temper which all ought to shun.

2.

Lo, here come I, full bent to try
To make some sport and laughter,
Whilst I rehearse in simple verse
My shapely form hereafter.

Now you must know, I've many feet,
Though neither legs nor toes, sir;
My body's small—but that's not all—
I've neither face nor eyes, sir.

Yet what avails—I've many nails
Which decorate my body;
Fingers I've none—I'm deaf and dumb;
You'll think me now a noddy.

Yet I'm well known in every town
By all, both high and low, sir.
And to my trust am sometimes just,
But sometimes prove a cheat, sir.

D. D.

RIDDLE.

The head of an eagle,
And tail of a pig,
These you must add
To the end of a wig;
And when join'd together
You then will be able
To show a nice relish
For the breakfast-table.

M. S.

AN ACROSTIC.

1. The goddess of tears. 2. One of the Muses. 3. The God of blacksmiths. 4. An eminent divine. 5. A celebrated painter. 6. A United States President. 7. A drug. 8. A poet. 9. Springs of Pennsylvania. 10. A United States President. 11. A poem by Longfellow. 12. One of the old masters. 13. A United States general. 14. A hero of mythology. 15. A rare animal. 16. One of the old masters. 17. A reigning sovereign. 18. An animal of Australia. 19. One of the great reformers. 20. An eminent college. My initials form what all should remember when tempted to speak unkindly.

LITTLE ONE.

PUZZLE.

Add fifty to the depository of thousands, and it becomes nothing.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A town in Germany. A lake in Russia. A city in China. A town in Holland. A river in America. A town in England. The initials will give a city in Great Britain, and finals another in China.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 3, Vol. 55.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 49, Vol. 54.

CHARADES.—1. Martin. 2. Cremation. 3. Candy-Tuft.

ENIGMA.—Nothing.

THE MISTAKE I MADE.

BY A. R.

Let me see—where was it that I first met her? Oh, yes, it was boating by moonlight. A globe of reddish-pearl slowly ascending out of the east—the shadows of the great bridge resting softly on the mirror-like surface of the river; the sound of a flute played softly afar off, and all of a sudden the keel of my boat coming sharply in contact with somebody else's oars.

"Hallo, you!" cried out a clear, incisive young voice. "Where are you going to? why don't you look which way you are steering?"

"Charley Dresden!" cried out I, little heeding the torrents of obloquy he was beginning to heap upon me.

"Old Mottimore," he responded, joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming here? Come into my boat. Hitch on your old craft behind! And let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adriance."

I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy as the moonlight and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend, Charley Dresden. I had heard blue eyes and peach-blossom cheeks raved about until even my much-enduring patience had failed. I had listened to rhapsodies about her sweet voice and pretty ways. I had been called upon to criticize original poems composed in her honor until the subject had long since palled upon me—and here I had stumbled, as it were, upon her just as Charley was on the threshold of a declaration.

She was pretty, slight and round and rosy, with china-blue eyes, a dimple in either cheek, and golden-brown hair worn in long loose curls, with none of the fashionable abominations of crimps, frizzes and artificial braids about her.

There was something flower-like and delicate in her prettiness—something unconsciously imploring in her way of lifting her eyes up to your face. Hardened old bachelor though I was, I felt as if I could have fallen in love with her on the spot if I hadn't known so well that Charley had the first innings.

We rowed home together—or, at least, as far on our way home as the river would take us. Sophy sang little boat ballads. Charley roared out tenor barcaroles. I even essayed a German student song, which I had learned in Heidelberg nobody knows how long ago, and we parted the best of friends.

A week afterwards Dresden and I met face to face in the street.

"Hullo, Mottimore!" said Charley, his honest visage lighting up. "What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a pearl—a jewel—a princess among women!" I answered, with perfect sincerity.

"Congratulate me, then!" cried Charley, beaming all over, "for I am engaged to her. Only last night! Look here!" opening a mysterious silver case which he took from his inner vest pocket. "What do you think of that for an engagement ring?"

"A fine diamond," said I, putting my head critically on one side; "and fancifully set."

"We're to be married in October," said Charley, lowering his voice to the most confidential tones. "It might have been sooner if I hadn't undertaken that business out West for our firm. But I shall be sure to be back by October, and the money I shall make will be acceptable towards fitting up and furnishing our new home. Because, you know, Mottimore, I'm not rich."

So we parted with a reciprocating squeeze of the hand, and Charley's bright face haunted me all day with a sort of reminiscence of what might have happened also to me if I hadn't have been five-and-forty, and with a bald spot on the back of my head.

I spent an evening with her afterwards at the genteel house where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed little woman, the full-blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the coziest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, with a turn-up bedstead ingeniously disguised as a high-back sofa, and canaries and geraniums in the windows.

"It's so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adriance in my charge I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the genteel boarding-house where the blue reps and turn-up bedstead made such a feeble attempt at deception, and the canaries sang in the south windows.

I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend, Bullion, the banker, a man of sixty, who wears a wig and spectacles, and who counts his income upon the double figures.

Bullion was going to be married!

"Of course, you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at sixty a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when once you see Sophy Adriance you will forgive any seeming inconsistency in my part."

"Sophy Adriance!" Was this the way poor Charley's blue-eyed fiancee was serving him while he was at sea, trying to earn a little money for her sake? My heart rebelled against the fickleness of woman; and so I enclosed Bullion's letter in an envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

"It's an ungracious thing for me to do, sending this letter," wrote I, "but I believe it to be the part of a true friend to undeceive you as promptly as possible. Bullion is a millionaire. Sophy is but a fallible woman after all. Be a man, Dresden, and remember that she is not the only woman in the world who would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

And then I wrote, curtly declining to "stand up" with old Bullion.

It was but a few days subsequently that the waiter showed an elegantly-dressed young lady into my room at the hotel.

I rose in some surprise. Aside from old Aunt Miriam Platt and my laundress, my lady visitors were few.

But the instant she threw up her thick tissue veil I recognized the soft blue eyes and damask-rose cheeks of Sophy Adriance.

"Oh, Mr. Mottimore!" she cried, piteously, "I know you won't mind my coming to you, because you seem exactly like a father to me." I winced a little at this. "But I have received such a letter from Charley, and as—as you've known him a long time, I thought perhaps you could explain it to me. Oh, I have been so wretched! And indeed, indeed, I didn't deserve it!"

She gave me a tear-blotted letter, and then sat down to cry quietly in the corner of the sofa until such a time as I should have finished its perusal.

It was a fit mirror of Charley Dresden's impetuous nature, full of bitter reproaches, dark inuendoes, hurling back her troth and hinting gloomily at suicide! When I read it I scarcely wondered at poor Sophy's distress.

"What does he mean, Mr. Mottimore?" asked Sophy, plaintively, "when he accuses me of selling myself to the highest bidder? Oh, it is so dreadful!"

I folded the letter and looked severely at her.

"Miss Adriance," said I, gravely, "it strikes me you are trying to play a double part here. The affianced bride of Benjamin Bullion ought hardly to hope to retain the allegiance of poor Charles Dresden into the bargain."

"I don't understand you," said Sophy, looking wistfully at me.

"Are you not about to become the wife of Mr. Bullion, the banker?" I asked, sternly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Sophy. "That's mamma!"

"Eh?" gasped I.

"It's mamma," answered Sophy. "She's to be married next week! Didn't you know it?"

I stared straight before me. Well, I had got myself into a pretty pickle by meddling officiously in affairs that didn't concern me.

"Look here, Miss Adriance," said I; "I will tell you all about it."

So I did. I described old Bullion's letter, my own false deductions therefrom, and the rash deed I had committed in sending the banker's correspondence to Charley Dresden.

"And now," said I, "do you wonder that he is indignant?"

Sophy's face grew radiant.

"But there's no harm done," said she. "No real harm, I mean. Because I've written him a long letter all about mamma and Mr. Bullion, which he must have received almost the next mail after he sent off this cruel, cruel sheet of reproaches. And pray, Mr. Mottimore, don't look so woe-begone," she added. "Your mistake was natural enough."

Sophy was a true phophet. There was no "real harm" done. The next day brought a letter full of entreaties to be pardoned, and a brief, brusque note to me, which told me, not in so many words, but in spirit, that I had a great deal better have minded my own business.

Which I really think I had.

I stood up with old Ben Bullion and that full-blown rose, Sophy's mamma, after all; and when Charley Dresden came home I cut the big wedding-cake at his marriage feast. Papa Bullion gave the bride away, and people say that Sophy was the prettiest bride of the season.

But it came pretty near being a broken-off affair at one time, and all through my fault. I've since learned to hold my tongue—a lesson none the less valuable for being learned late in life!

THE HISTORY OF ZERO.

"Zero," on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself (zero) comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty; hence nothing. In expressions like "ninety deg. Fahr.," the abbreviation, Fahr., stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of winter. As that day was the coldest that the oldest inhabitant could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called that degree zero, and constructed a thermometer or a rude weather-glass, with a scale graduated up from zero to boiling-point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing-point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded 180th on being heated from the freezing to the boiling-point.

Our nation began to use Fahrenheit's thermometer about the middle of the last century, or not far from the time when the old style was exchanged for the new style in writing of dates.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England and America. Russia and Holland use Reaumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted 80 degrees above freezing point. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from freezing point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.—Great griefs, Shakspeare tells us, are as medicines for our lesser sorrows. The remedy, it may be thought, is worse than the disease. And yet it is not so altogether; for the overwhelming anguish which swallows up the minor tribulations disciplines the mind; and when it has felt the shock of real calamity, it is less likely to be disturbed by petty annoyances. Of all schools, that of misfortune is the best for a grumbler. If anything can make a quiet, considerate, dignified man of him, it is affliction. It softens the hardest nature, and teaches the selfish to sympathize with all who suffer. "He jests at scars who never felt a wound;" but, should a bullet cripple him, he will jest at scars no more. A haughty, capricious, self adorning beauty, if smitten by the small-pox, and thereby rendered "a perfect fright," would be considered by her friends an object of commiseration. And yet, perhaps, she would be a happier, because a humbler, woman than she could ever have been as a fascinating coquette. When we pray to be exempted from disaster, we often pray unwisely; and when Heaven, turning a deaf ear to our shallow petitions, visits us with great sorrows, they are often, in reality, blessings in disguise.

THE BETTER HALF OF A GREAT MAN.

To promote her husband's interest, Mrs. Benjamin Franklin tended his shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as inks, papers, lampblack and stationery. At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her careless, disorderly husband to be economical also.

Sometimes Franklin was clothed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made; and for a long time she performed all the work of a servant. Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at the proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage his breakfast was composed of bread and milk; they ate out of a two-penny earthen vessel, with a pewter spoon; but one morning on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beautiful china bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only observed that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl as much as any of his neighbors.

Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and the most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well-furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she bore a lowly one, and she presided at her husband's liberal table as gracefully as when he ate his breakfast of bread and milk from a two-penny bowl.

WHY MEN SMOKE.

No habit adopted by a whole race of men, indeed by all races of men, but must have a *raison d'etre*. The dhudeen of the Irishman, the chibouk of the Asiatic, the calumet of the Indian, the cigar of the white American, would not exist simultaneously on every part of the globe, if in the use of tobacco there did not slumber some spell of great potency over men. The lazy man it seems to make lazier; the nervous man it makes more nervous; the brain-worker it inspires, and on the artist it bestows visions of beauty. All lecturing against it have proved vain. The habit spreads with population over Australia and Polynesia, and in a couple of centuries from now smoking will be as universal as eating. It behooves us, then, to see that something is done to insure the rehabilitation of the better qualities of tobacco, which seem deteriorating so fast. Manilla is ceasing to produce even a decent cheroot, tobacco culture dying out there like wine culture in Madeira. One thing, is certain, that the substitution of the cigarette for the cigar is exceedingly dangerous.

IN all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness and attention of mind imaginable, he finds not half the pleasure in the actual possession of them, as he proposed to himself in the expectation.

A Revengeful Organ.

The stomach is a revengeful organ. If we assign it indigestible food, it not only refuses to perform its office, but inflicts upon us unspeakable tortures, such as those of indigestion, colic, cholera morbus, etc. Not content with giving us pain, it frequently inaugurates an excessive and wasting diarrhœa, called dysentery, which carries us to our graves. With a view to prevent these consequences, as soon as the stomach gives notice by premonitory twinges that its cargo is not to its liking, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be swallowed. This admirable digestive cordial will promptly reconcile the refractory organ to its contents, and prevent any of those annoying and possibly fatal results which the presence of indigestible food in the stomach is liable to produce. The Bitters are also a superb tonic, restorative and appetizer.

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The Boudoir

NOTES & QUERIES.

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

It is at this season of the year that suggestions concerning traveling attire of all kinds, and indeed about anything conducive to comfort while making a journey, will be found very acceptable. In a former number we gave very explicit directions concerning an outfit for the seaside or country; now we propose to give a few hints about suitable attire for or during a sea voyage. It is true that the trips across the ocean are so readily and quickly made, in these days of progress, that there is but little need for more than the traveling dress and wraps during the voyage, that is, by the ordinary run of lady passengers, who are generally afflicted with the terrible *mal de mer* for the first few days of the trip. Others are more fortunate, and for their benefit we will describe some pretty garments easy to slip on, and comfortable.

One is of gray twilled lady's cloth or fine flannel. It is cut Gabrielle in front, and is double-breasted, buttoning from throat to hem. The back has some fulness, which is laid in plaits, below the waist just where the seams of the side-body pieces ends. A bias band, lined and bound with gros grain, is placed at the back from one seam under the arm to the other. A smoked pearl buckle fastened it in the middle. Gros grain collar, sailor or shepherd shape, and deep pointed cuffs for the sleeves, with square outside pockets at the sides, complete this comfortable garment.

A short sacque of gray Turkish toweling, or blue sailor flannel, will be found an indispensable in the outfit. Large pearl buttons, either mother-of-pearl or smoked pearl, will be used upon these sacques.

A waterproof wrap, easy to fold and carry, and most graceful to wear, is made thus: Take three yards of wide English waterproof, blue or gray, bind all round with fine black mohair or silk braid, just the length of the cloth and all around the sides; then measure a yard on each side, put a large hook and eye opposite each other and just a yard distant from each end. Place three tassels on the yard left in the centre, one just in the middle and one by the hook and eye; when the garment is hooked together in the centre, it presents the appearance of an Arab cloak or Bedouin wrap, and is very stylish.

For a little girl a pretty sea dress is of blue or gray flannel, with a sailor blouse waist, and skirt plaited on in kilt plaits. A trimming of bands of flannel, bound with braid, and laid on the front width horizontally, fastened at each end with a nickel button garnished with an anchor or star, is neat and simple. A wide sailor collar, wrought at each side with an anchor and fastened down with a button in each corner, finishes the neck.

For little boys, the preference is given to gray flannel suits, with collars and cuffs and narrow stripe for the outer seam of the pants of gray of a darker shade. Nickel buttons trim these suits.

Sailor hats for the voyage had better be of tarpaulin, as the salt air takes the stiffness out of straw. Round shirred hats, of gray or brown grass cloth, are very serviceable and comfortable for deck promenades, and a nubia of white or delicately tinted Shetland wool is also useful. A parasol with a long handle, to be used both as sun-shade and walking-stick, will be found agreeable. Such as we mention can be purchased, with a folding handle and neat case of oil-skin, with strap attached to fasten to the belt.

Apropos of belts. Nothing nicer can be desired or worn than the black or crimson Russia leather ones, with small chatelaine bag, vinaigrette, and fan attached, and held fast by pretty, but stout steel or nickel plated chains. In such articles as these, be very sure you get them strong and able to bear the jostling of the crowd one meets in depots, at steamboat landings, etc., and even able to withstand the occasional tug of some enterprising pickpocket, who will pass you in the most innocent and *nonchalant* manner, looking calmly in your eyes perchance, while his nimble fingers are busily playing about anything in sight and "snatchable"—pardon the word—on your person.

In other days it was the custom to travel with the most superfluous amount of "hand-baggage," and the sarcastic list attributed to the fussy old lady of "big box, little box, bandbox, and bundle," was by no means exaggerated, or confined to her alone. Nowadays, it is considered to be in better taste to have as little in one's hands as possible. A traveling bag, containing brush, comb, small hand mirror, and a few other little indispensables, with a shawl well strapped and rolled, is all a lady need burden herself or her *compagnon de voyage* with, unless indeed the journey be of such a nature that they are compelled to take their own lunch-basket along. Let us suggest that this latter be oblong rather than round, and high rather than wide, as it takes up much less room.

If it is preferred, a gossamer waterproof may be substituted for the Arab cloak waterproof which we have described.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Cravats of sheer batiste, white, gray, and ecru colored, edged with guipure lace to match in tint, are very fashionable for morning wear.

Linen pockets, braided in white or gray star braid, are worn with dusters or linen traveling suits.

Scarfs of gray, blue, and white grenadine are worn about the throat, tied in a double sailor knot.

Very odd parasol covers are shown in ecru and gray linen laces.

Linen vests for gentlemen are fashionable, wrought in a vine pattern upon the revers of the collar, down the front, and on the pockets, in silk or linen thread several shades darker than the vest material.

For babies, and little girls of seven and eight years and under, small close caps of fine French or Swiss muslin and lace have superseded the high Normandy crowns of last summer. Bows of black velvet or ribbon trim them.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE R.—Make your wedding dress of fine French muslin, trim with knife plaitings of tulle, and Valenciennes lace. Wear a long full veil of tulle, simply hemmed all round. Wear sprays of orange buds and jessamine in your hair, or as a half wreath confining your hair. Let your hat be of white or cream tinted chip, trimmed with loops of blue and cream colored serge silk.

J. M.—Wear your front hair crepe, and drawn loosely back from your forehead. Wear the back hair in a low twisted or braided knot low, just above the nape of your neck. A moderate sized Spanish comb gives a certain style to such a mode. Elderflowers steeped in whisky, and used as a wash night and morning, are said to be efficient for removing pimples; also common table salt dissolved in water. Try both. NINON.

OUR SON.

He came with a squirm and a squall,
He kicked with a roar and a bawl;
His nose was a pug,
Like the ear of a jug,
And his howl like a night caterwaul.

His hair was as black as your hat;
Much more like his mamma than pap;
With his nose on the rise,
Sur le quai rive for flies,
He resembles his mamma in that.

But there's always some trait
To redeem;
'Twas so in this case, it did seem—
His heavenly eyes
Were the blue of the skies;
He resembles papa in this.

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

The Acting Signal Officer's Story.

BY LIEUT R. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

The deep tones of the bell on board the United States revenue cutter, Dolphin, had pealed forth the hour of eight o'clock, P. M., and while the officer of the deck paced slowly to and fro keeping his lonely watch, the gentlemen of the wardroom were clustered around the table in readiness to hear the yarn of the young lieutenant, who had lately been ordered to the ship on special duty to instruct the officers in the art of using the new "General Service Code."

The captain occupied his accustomed seat at the head of the table, and, in obedience to a sign from the presiding officer, the young lieutenant commenced as follows:

"While studying with the army officers at Fort Whipple, mastering the mystery and miseries of the signal code, I made the acquaintance of Jack Long, a second lieutenant of cavalry. He was about my own age, our tastes were congenial, and, as a matter of course, we became close companions and warm friends.

Soon after leaving the Fort, my friend was ordered to Fort Benton, stationed close to the Comanche country, and his letters teemed with vivid descriptions of life on the plains. He urged me to obtain leave for the purpose of paying him a visit, which I ultimately did, and one bright morning in October I found myself at the station, where the stars and stripes floated from a rude pole over a pile of buildings, situated on a slight eminence commanding an extended view of the plains.

My friend Jack was the first one to greet me as I entered the rude fortress, and I was soon made to feel at home among the kind, genial gentlemen composing the garrison. We kept it up until a late hour that night in the breezy old mess room, and before retiring it was agreed between Jack and myself that on the morrow we would indulge in a gallop on the prairie in quest of game.

The sun was well up as we jumped into the saddles and rode slowly through the gateway of the stockade, each of us armed with a rifle. Before leaving the stockade we were met by the chief scout of the station, an old scarred veteran, the hero of a hundred hairbreadth escapes.

Lifting his greasy and well-worn cap from his bald head, he saluted us, saying:

"Keep yer eyes open, leftenint, for thar is a right smart sign of Injuns about. Don't scout too far, or you and your chum, thar, may loose yer har."

"Never fear, Bill," responded Jack; "We will not be taken unawares," and giving our horses the spur, we galloped at a lively rate across the level plain, leaving the fort astern.

Gradually the aspect of the country changed; here and there the prairie was dotted with little hummocks and clumps of trees. The tall, rank grass had disappeared, while in its place young tender blades of a new growth was seen on every side. It was just the place for buffalo, and almost before we realized it a dozen of the huge animals were before us, pawing the earth and snuffing the air with anger and alarm.

Jack dashed at them with a wild halloo, while I, urged on by excitement, which I could not control, lost sight of my friend in my intense anxiety to shoot my first buffalo.

Suddenly a faint, prolonged cry arrested my attention. With a jerk I reined up my panting animal, and although I could see nothing of my friend Jack, my eyes were greeted with a view of half a dozen painted savages, stripped to the waist, bedizened with war paint and feathers, mounted on tough, wiry ponies, which they were urging forward at a rattling pace.

Their harsh, guttural cries rang out with a threatening yell, as with lances in rest they thundered over the prairie.

One glance was sufficient for me, so far as their identity and intentions were concerned. They were Comanches, and, gentlemen, I can assure you my scalp never felt as uneasy as it did just at that moment.

The buffaloes had disappeared, I could see nothing of my friend, the Indians were between me and the fort, and I was at a loss which way to shape a course. But every moment was precious, as with every jump, the Indian ponies decreased the distance which intervened between us. My nag was pretty well blown with previous exertions, while the horses of my bloodthirsty foes were comparatively fresh. But it was neck or nothing with me now, so giving my gallant brute the rein, I dug my spurs into his flanks and started off at random, with the Mr. "Lo's" in full chase astern.

I somewhat doubted the policy of the Government just then, in furnishing the treacherous rascals with the improved firearms, repeating rifles, etc., and occasionally a sharp hiss, as a ball hurtled by, warned me that I was within range.

A stern chase is proverbially a long one, at least the assertion generally holds good on salt water; but I began to doubt the truthfulness of it on land, and as the probabilities became apparent that I should soon be boarded, I began to make preparations to repel the same.

For the first time during the chase I glanced over my shoulder, and to my intense satisfaction found that five of the red devils had dropped astern, leaving one, evidently the chief, in advance, his mount being finer and possessing greater powers of endurance than his followers.

He had the long, cruel lance slung at his side ready for instant use, while the dark tube of a Remington rifle was held in his right hand, which he occasionally brought to bear on me.

Some distance ahead, five miles I should say, a dark line of timber was discernable, and for that I determined to make, as under cover I would be enabled to offer some resistance with a hope of escape, which was denied me on the prairie.

My horse did his duty nobly, flying along with the speed of a bird, seemingly conscious that upon his efforts depended life or death. I could feel him pant and strain as he bounded on, forcing the unwelcome conviction upon me that the brute was failing, though maintaining to the last gasp his rate of speed. My heart sank within me as I gazed at the yet distant timber, and listened to the triumphant yells of the exultant warrior in my rear.

Enraged at his taunts, and rendered desperate by the dangers hemming me in, I turned in my saddle, checking my horse so as to make sure of my aim, but before I could bring the rifle to my shoulder, the wily savage had ducked from his seat, swung himself under cover, with nothing visible but a portion of his leg, and the glittering barrel of his rifle.

A puff of smoke, a sharp ringing report, and the next instant my poor horse rolled on the prairie, shot through the head, barely giving me time to clear myself from the gear as the Comanche charged me full tilt, his lance leveled at my heart.

Fortunately I had retained my rifle, otherwise I would have been spitted like a fowl, and my yarn as well as my career would have been brought to an inglorious termination.

I parried the charge with my rifle, at the same time leaping aside to avoid the shock, and was partially successful, as the Indian only succeeded in scratching my arm, but the force of the blow took me off my feet, throwing me into a clump of grass, where, for a moment, I lay half stunned, and motionless as death.

The Indian had swept by in his headlong career, having failed to note the circumstance of my flying leap, to which fact, perhaps, I owe my life.

The rifle, or carbine, with which I was armed, was secured to my person by a strap passing over my shoulders; and, as the Indian checked his horse to renew the charge, I had recovered myself sufficiently to cock my rifle. Surrounded by a clump of weeds and grass, I was completely shielded from the sharp eyes of the savage, who glared about him on all sides as he cautiously advanced, seemingly bewildered at my unaccountable disappearance.

Reining his pony up with a jerk, which sent the brute on to his haunches, the rider gave utterance to a deep, guttural "ugh," and it was the last sound he was destined to utter on earth.

With a cool aim, and with as little compunction as I would have slain a mad dog, I sent the warrior chief to his happy hunting grounds. Leaping from my cover, I tore the body from the pony's back, just as the excited yells of his followers rang in my ears as they hove in sight round a huge clump of trees of luxuriant growth.

With a shout of defiance on my part, and with renewed hope surging through my heart, I again headed for the timber, urging my enemy's craft to its utmost speed.

The air was rent with the cries of the enraged rascals, from whom I could expect nothing but death, with the most exquisite torture, for which the savages are prolific, provided I fell into their hands.

They had strung themselves out into a long extended line, which prevented me from entertaining the thought of gaining their rear and thus reaching the fort. But I felt well satisfied that my friend, Jack, would not be idle in the meanwhile; so it was with no small feelings of satisfaction that I dashed into the coveted cover, threw myself behind a large tree, suffering my pony, who had stood me in such good need, to scamper off, or browse, as he liked.

A couple of shots from my breech-loader was sufficient to check the ardor of the painted rascals, who beat a hasty retreat until safe from the expressive muzzle of my rifle, but their presence and impotent rage was at intervals made manifest by a series of discordant, harsh yells.

I kept actively on the alert, not knowing what moment I might receive an attack from my wily, treacherous enemies, and it was with mingled feelings of apprehension and alarm that I watched the sun slowly sink to rest beneath the western horizon. Then an ominous silence prevailed all about me. Not a sound was heard save the mournful sighing of the prairie wind as it swept through the foliage above my head; but for all that I knew my enemies were near by, watching, waiting, thirsting for my blood and revenge.

An hour passed by, the shades of evening were rapidly deepening into the sombre depths of night; dark masses of clouds swept hurriedly by over head, and the wind had increased to a wail. It was evident a storm was close at hand. The slightest noise, the crackling of a bush caused me to start and grasp my trusty weapon. My nerves were braced to their utmost tension as I peered through the gloom for the first indication of a redskin. Then it was while I half sat, half crouched under my cover, trembling with cold, that I had ample time to repent of my hasty resolve to visit the far West. My reflections were bitter and my heart sad, as I lay surrounded by my silent foes, whose fertile brains, no doubt, were concocting some infernal plan for my ultimate destruction.

A faint smell of burning weeds and smoke came faintly to my nostrils, wafted by the evening air.

Suddenly a vivid sheet of flame shot forth leaping on high as the greedy flames fanned to a greater intensity, twined around the tall trees and dry underbrush.

The fire spread rapidly, while on all sides the shrill, discordant warwhoops resounded through the air. I was to be burned and smoked out of my lair like a rat from his hole; but for once at least, the cunning rascals overreached themselves.

I did not stir, tack or shut, knowing full well that the moment I exposed myself my body would be a target for their lead at short range. The flames grew hotter and hotter as they gathered in volume, each moment increasing in intensity. The smoke, in vast, stifling clouds, swept down upon me, compelling a requisition to be made upon my handkerchief, in which I enveloped my face. The triumphant yells of the Comanches greeted my ears, rising far above the rush of the flames, and the crash of falling timbers.

My position was, indeed, becoming perilous in the extreme. The heat was scorching my hair and clothes, while the smoke nearly drove me mad with pain. Unless help came soon I felt that the savages would triumph.

I had clubbed my rifle with the intention of boarding in the smoke, when the quick tramp of horses' feet attracted my attention. I caught a gleam of military accoutrements glancing in the red light, a hoarse word of command, followed by a rattling volley, burst upon me like a flash of lightning, and I was saved.

I came out of that little pleasure hunt minus a good undress uniform, with singed eyebrows and hair, and hide pretty well toasted. But I considered myself fortunate in saving my scalp, even if it was slightly damaged, and while returning to the fort, firmly made up my mind to leave buffaloes, prairies, Comanches, and the far West to the soldiers, or those who have a taste for such luxuries. I didn't appreciate them. Salt water, I thought, was good enough for me.

Ten days afterwards I was bound north, and soon after I received orders to instruct the gentlemen on the various stations in signal duty.

"A thrilling adventure and well told," was the universal verdict of the officers, as they broke up to seek their various couches for the rest which the spray-dashed heroes of the Revenue Marine stood so much in need of.

SHADOWS OVER THE WAY.

Watering Place Items.

THERE are over fifteen hundred visitors at Saratoga, the band begins to play, and the young people will soon be dancing.

THE season at Newport has fairly opened, and Miss Charlotte Cushman is now giving receptions at her residence there.

A GRAND and really magnificent view is that presented from the windows and balconies of the Catskill Mountain House, and it is a view that never becomes tiresome or monotonous.

ROCKY POINT, R. I., is a favorite rendezvous for the weary of Providence, R. I., who are in need of rest. The resort is famous, among other things, for its admirable clam-baking facilities.

THE grounds surrounding the country seat of Secretary Fish, at Carrison's-on-the-Hudson, have been very much improved and beautified of late, and are shown to visitors with exemplary courtesy.

MILADY, when she bathes at the fashionable seaside resorts, wears in addition to her furbelowed bathing-suit, shoes, stockings, hats and gloves. Why on earth doesn't she carry her lace-covered sunshade, too?

THE statement to the effect that the drum-major at West Point bathes in starch every day, and thus gains an erect appearance, is denied by the man who sold him the ramrod which he swallowed just before examination.

A LITTLE excitement at the Palisades Mountain House every evening is the sight of the huge Albany night boats gliding up the river, looking like floating exposition buildings illuminated in honor of distinguished visitors.

NIAGARA is doing fairly, all things considered, and there is considerable life and activity to be observed at all the hotels, especially at the Clifton House, which is called Brides' Hall. If the pillars of that celebrated back piazza could only speak!

THE great boats Bristol and Providence, of the Fall River Line, have commenced their Sunday trips between Fall River and Newport and New York. Trains connecting with the boats leave the Old Colony depot in Boston at half-past six o'clock every Sunday evening. Hall's Band furnish music appropriate to the day on each trip.

PIGEON COVE, which is situated at the extreme point of Cape Ann, has many charms and many picturesque views. Wm. Cullen Bryant, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, the Rev. T. Starr King, and many others have gathered inspiration there, and sung their praises of this beautiful wood and eminence. It is surrounded on three sides by water, and from its craggy heights there is a grand view of the sea and shore. On a clear day the Isles of Shoals and Boston Bay may be seen in the dim distance.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & CO., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Tryst. A Year's Struggle. The Hasty Marriage. Away with Idle Sorrow. Five Years Ago. Ella Ray. A Love Sketch. Nellie's Plot.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

E. H. R.—Small pieces of marble may be joined with fresh plaster of Paris. Large pieces require a lock or dovetail joint cut into the marble, then filled in with fluid lead, finally made good with plaster.

BALTIMORE (Philada.)—For your freckles, mix half an ounce each of alum and lemon juice in half a pint of rose water. Or, muriate of ammonia, half a drachm; lavender water, two drachms; distilled water, half a pint. 2. Your penmanship is pretty fair.

L. V. C. (New York).—It was your place first to recognize the young gentleman, and not his. If you did so, however, and he did not return it, and you are sure he saw you, the next time you meet him you would be quite right in paying him off in his own coin by pretending not to see him.

G. H. S. (Atlantic City).—"I should like to know if you can tell me who or what originated the popular idea of eating oysters only in the months that have an r in them?" Butler, in his "Hyat's Dry Dinner," writing in 1599, says: "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an r in their name to eat an oyster."

G. A. R. (Unionville).—To make a decoction of sarsaparilla, take four ounces of the root, slice it down, put it into four pints of water, and simmer for four hours. Take out the sarsaparilla, and beat it into a mash; put it into the same liquor again, and boil down to two pints; then strain and cool. The dose is a wineglassful three times a day. This is very good for purifying the blood.

JUDITH W.—We sympathize with you in your trouble about the red nose, but are sorry we cannot tell you how to get rid of it—that is, the redness, not the nose. It arises, we presume, from indigestion or inaction of the liver, and attention to diet and the state of the system will probably correct it, but we would advise you to consult your medical adviser, who would soon be able to detect the cause and prescribe a remedy.

SIMON GIRTY.—We should recommend the use of dumb bells for the purpose of expanding the chest and developing the muscles of your arms. They are made of different sizes and weights, but it is advisable always to begin with the lightest weights first, such as a four-pound dumb-bell. When the muscles become accustomed, after a week or two of practice, to the strain, you can take the seven and then the ten-pound one.

JOHN MIGHTY.—A saw such as you want for working out brackets, picture frames, etc., etc., can be got from ten dollars up to fifteen dollars. With each of them six saws are given, and for saw blades and designs an extra charge would be made. For twenty dollars we could get for you a machine and book of designs, everything complete, with which you could do almost any kind of fancy carving. If you wish us to do so, let us hear from you again.

T. L. R. (Kimball).—Microscopes can be had for all prices, varying from five dollars, and even less, up to three hundred dollars. But what is called the "Household Microscope" would, we imagine, answer your purpose. It costs seven dollars without any prepared objects, or twelve dollars with. We will be happy to get this for you, if you wish it. You can get the very best and strongest magnifying glasses for from two dollars to four dollars each.

GREENSBORN.—"I don't like to expose my ignorance down here, but when I hear 'starboard' and 'port' talked about, I confess I never know what side of a vessel either is. Please enlighten my ignorance?" "Starboard" on a ship means the right side, and "port" the left. They used to say "starboard" and "larboard," but the term "port" has been substituted for the word "larboard," to do away with the two words, starboard and larboard, sounding so much alike.

DOTTIE.—To return his presents would be tantamount to a declaration that your quarrel should never be made up, and that you mean your present separation to be lasting, and as it is plain to be seen from your letter that you do not mean anything of the sort, you had better retain those presents. We predict that you will be friends again very soon, perhaps even before you read this in the POST, and your marriage will come off all the sooner for the taste of this little bitter amidst your sweets.

T. S. B.—The largest clock in the world is in the Parliament House, London, England. It has four dials, each twenty-four feet in diameter, and every thirty seconds the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will run eight and a half days with one winding, but only strikes during seven and a half days. It takes two hours to wind up the striking mechanism. The wheels are of cast iron, and the pendulum is fifteen feet long. The hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, and weighs nearly fifteen tons. The bell hammer weighs over fifteen hundred pounds.

CORNELIA.—People who never quarrel are altogether beyond our comprehension, for human nature is made up of contradictions and defects, and lovers also have their turn. It would be very strange if the rule did not apply to courtship, the most poetical, yet the most tantalizing portion of our existence. Trifling quarrels, therefore, among lovers, are but natural; indeed, we are induced to believe that they are beneficial, just as storms are to the purity of the atmosphere. 2. All young people should adjust their differences among themselves; but it is the duty of the gentleman to make the first overtures for a reconciliation.

F. J. W. (Philadelphia).—It is not "in accordance with the rules of etiquette" for a gentleman who accidentally meets a lady acquaintance in a street car to pay her fare for her. Such an act on his part, though performed with the kindest and best and most friendly and gallant intentions, might cover the lady with poignant mortification. The good, old-fashioned, simple rule of every man's minding his own business, and never meddling with other people's affairs, should be sufficient to protect ladies from such annoyances. But we suppose that the old adage that "Nobody makes such annoying blunders as the good-natured, ignorant man," is yet to have many exemplifications of its truthfulness.

BEATRICE.—It is not for us to decide as to the propriety or otherwise of the custom to which you allude. 2. If a young lady "expects to be engaged soon," and "sees one fault in her lover," we do not think that, as a general rule, it would be good policy on her part to "correct that fault," at any rate, before she is married. If her lover has but one fault, she may consider herself very fortunate in having succeeded in getting one so nearly perfect. 3. Husbands and wives must settle such a question between themselves, and, indeed, generally do so, and we are not going to give them any opinion of ours on the subject. 4. Never having "covered base balls," we are sorry we cannot help you.

A. B. C. (Stockwell, Ind.), writes: "Would you be so kind as to inform me what is the Hunting system for reducing flesh? I so often see it referred to. Is it effectual? or is there any way to reduce the flesh without injuring the health?" The system you speak of is a mere question of diet. Mr. Hunting's experience was that all articles of food containing starchy or saccharine ingredients were flesh formers, and, therefore, that only lean people could safely indulge to any extent in starchy or sugary food. To reduce flesh he advises the restriction to a meat diet, with such additions as contain little or none of the above mentioned substances. It is reported as having, in some cases, proved effectual, and is certainly worth trying.

S. E. W.—Heartburn is a mere derangement of the digestive organs, and may arise from various causes. Temporary relief may be had by the use of magnesia, soda or Seltzer water, or water acidulated with sulphuric acid. To cure it permanently the treatment must depend on the cause; and to find this out you should consult some doctor.

CARRIE H.—The cosmetics to which you allude may possibly cause the skin to appear smooth, but the true state of the skin is dependent upon the health and upon the constitution. The medicine referred to may seem to accomplish the object you have in view, but it may do that at the expense of impoverishing your blood or creating other mischief. You had better, therefore, take medical advice upon the subject.

COSMOPOLITE asks as "whether we believe in the doctrine of fate?" He does himself, he says, in a measure, but wants to know our opinion. Well, to a certain extent, we must believe in it, for, as the old logicians have it, "fate or destiny is the disposition or enchainment of second causes, ordained by Providence, which carries with it the necessity of the event." And in our day we have the proverb, "that the man who was born to be hanged will never be drowned." But the doctrine may be carried too far. Every human being, in his right senses, has, to a great extent, a control over his or her destiny. "Where there's a will, there's a way." Again, people are very prone to attribute to fate that which they had caused themselves, and could have prevented. The subject is one, however, of such abstruse speculation, that every one should be left to form his own opinion.

MAX.—Your first question, we need hardly say, we cannot answer in this column. 2. You know just as well as we do that the government has prohibited miners from mining in the Black Hills district. How far these orders have been attended to, you can ascertain by reading the daily papers. 3. Bonaparte arrived at St. Helena on October 13th, 1815, and died there in 1821. 4. Mexico was discovered in 1517, and conquered by the Spanish under Fernando Cortez, 1521. You should read Prescott's history of the wonderful "Expedition of Cortez, and his Conquest of the Empire of the Montezumas." 5. The quickest passages ever made between New York and Liverpool by the steamship lines that we have any record of are those of the Baltic, of the White Star line, and the City of Brussels, of the Inman line, both these vessels having done the trip in eight days each. 6. It is utterly impossible to understand, much less answer this question.

A. F. H. describes the comparative beauties of two young ladies of his acquaintance, and being in a dilemma as to which of them is the best looking, has come to us to decide the question. We once before foolishly undertook to decide an almost similar question, in perfect innocence and good faith, but, unfortunately, we fixed upon the wrong young lady that time. It seems our correspondent on that occasion had a preference for one which he had not told us anything about, and our decision in favor of the other gave him such mortal offence that we then vowed we should never be induced to act as umpire in any such matter again. We do not mean to insinuate that we do not believe in A. F. H. being perfectly sincere in what he says as to his inability himself to decide which is the prettiest of his two young ladies, for, judging by his letter, the state of his feelings may be very aptly defined by the old lines:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other fair charmer away!"

A PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.—There are several ways of destroying flies in a room. One is to take half a teaspoonful of black pepper, one of brown sugar, and two of cream, mix well together, and place in the room on a plate. Another is cold green tea, very strong, and sweetened with sugar, set about the room in saucers. Still another is made of infusion of quassia, one pint, brown sugar, four ounces; and ground pepper, two ounces, all well mixed together and put in small shallow dishes where required. 2. Meat may be kept several days in the height of summer sweet and good, by lightly covering it over with bran, and hanging it in some high or windy room, or in a passage where there is a current of air. 3. Jean Ingelow, the poetess, was born in Boston, Lincolnshire, England, in 1830, and has resided most of her life in London. Her father, William Ingelow, Esq., was from Ipswich, Suffolk. 4. The name of the author is not known. 5. Marion Harland's true name is Mrs. M. V. Terhune. 6. We have never seen any such book, so cannot tell you anything about it.

STATISTICIAN.—"I have been trying to get data to make out a table of the comparative sanitary condition of the principal cities of the world, and to do this I want to get their respective rates of mortality. I would be much obliged if you can help me in getting these rates down to the latest date possible?" We can give you the death-rates of sixteen of the principal cities in the world (with the exception of London) for 1874, which is the very latest data procurable on the subject. They are as follows: Philadelphia, 19.3 per 1000 persons; Paris, 22.4; Brussels, 23.9; Bombay, 23.9; Brooklyn, 24.4; Vienna, 24.6; The Hague, 26.5; Amsterdam, 26.7; Turin, 26.7; Hamburg (State), 27; Copenhagen, 27.2; Rome, 27.5; New York, 27.5; Calcutta, 28.3; Berlin, 32.9; Madras 37 per 1000 persons. The death-rates of these sixteen cities are calculated upon the following, based on the enumerated or estimated population: Amsterdam, 282,000 persons; Berlin, 826,000; Bombay, 644,405; Brooklyn, 450,000; Brussels, 185,000; Calcutta, 447,800; Copenhagen, 200,000; The Hague, 94,805; Hamburg (State), 357,453; Madras, 397,552; New York, 1,040,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Philadelphia, 775,000; Rome, 248,307; Turin, 214,425; and Vienna, 644,358 persons.

A. G. H. (Sergeantville, N. J.)—"As you give 'opinions as are opinions' on all sorts of subjects, I propose to avail myself of your kindness, and submit the following questions: 1st. What is the cause of 'Indian Summer,' and how often does it occur? I was taught in my infancy that the *haziness* was due to *smoke*, and that the Indians burnt off the woods to collect chestnuts. But the Indians are all gone, and the chestnut trees mostly dead, therefore a new theory is necessary. 2d. What is the meaning of 'Harvest Moon,' and is there propriety in the name?" Though the Indians are nearly gone, and the chestnut trees going, the smoke theory of Indian Summer still shows signs of vitality. Autumnal fires on the prairies and in other localities are still advanced in explanation of the Indian Summer business. In regard to how often it occurs, the common belief is that it occurs once every year; but practice teaches that in occasional years it fails to make itself evident to our senses. The phrase "harvest moon" applies to the full moon when near its opposition, during the autumn months. At this period it rises at nearly the same hour every evening for about a week before and after full moon, there being less difference in time than at any other full moon throughout the year. This peculiarity is of use in the harvest season in England, which is later than our harvest; hence the term. The same fact occurs at every opposition throughout the year, but only in autumn at the period of full moon.

S. L. G.—"You will confer a great favor on me by telling me the process of crystallizing flowers?" The process is simple, and can be tried without difficulty. Dissolve eighteen ounces of pure alum in a quart of soft spring water (observing the same proportion for a greater or less quantity), by boiling it gently in a close tin vessel, over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a wooden spatula until the solution is complete. When the liquor is almost cold, suspend the subject to be crystallized, by means of a small thread or twine, from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glass or earthen jar, as being best adapted for the purpose, into which the solution must be poured. The respective articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours; when they are taken out they are to be carefully suspended in the shade until they are perfectly dry. When the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution while it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too hot, the crystals will be small in proportion. The best temperature is about ninety-five degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. There are few subjects in the vegetable world that are not eligible to this mode of preservation. The fitness of the solution for the purpose may be ascertained by putting a drop of it on a slip of glass, and seeing if it crystallizes as it cools; if so, the solution is sufficiently strong. Then twist round a sprig of plant, a cinder, a wire ornament of any kind, some cotton, or still better, some worsted. After being immersed as already directed, the surface of the whole will be found covered with beautiful crystallizations.

MISCELLANEOUS.—THEO.—You had better defer taking any steps in the matter until you attain the age of twenty-one years. L. G.—The best thing you can do under the circumstances would be to put the letters into the fire, and take no notice of them. W. J.—We do not publish the addresses of private individuals. Of the one referred to we have no knowledge. J. G. McK.—Very likely your digestive organs are diseased, hence the symptoms of debility you describe. Consult a physician. A. M. A. (Frankford).—She evidently has no love for you. Why persevere in a hopeless suit? E. D.—We should attribute it to shyness and timidity, and not at all to coolness. Go on, and you will prosper. M. H.—Stop where you are, and where advancement, if slow, will be certain. Depend upon it, if you make the change, you will be sorry for it. IN TROUBLE.—Hating him so strongly as you do, you would be doing a great wrong to yourself and to him if you yield to the wish of your parents and encourage his suit. NICAWNEE.—As you have no trade, it is difficult to say what part of the west would be best for you to go to for employment. We would suggest a farming region. MARION.—Be always natural, gentle and cheerful, and let maidenly propriety be your guide.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*